The Post Sunday Special

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STRIKE ENDS: RELEASE OF ARRESTED LEADERS

BRISK AERIAL FIGHTING ON WEST FRONT.

ARTILLERY BATTLES IN SCARPE VALLEY AND CHAMPAGNE.

SUCCESS OF NAVY'S NEW METHOD AGAINST U BOATS.

Sir Douglas Haig reports that hostile artillery has been active north-east of Epehy, and on both banks of the Scarpe.

Two German aeroplanes and two observation balloons were destroyed. Five of our aeroplanes are missing.

A violent artillery battle in the Champagne country is reported in the French and German night communiques.

The French destroyer Boutefeu has been sunk after striking a mine.

In an important statement on the submarine menace, Mr Kennedy Jones, speaking at Edinburgh last night, said the trouble was being mastered, and attacks on German U-boats by a new method had been attended with success.

RAID ON GERMAN OBSERVATION BALLOONS.

British General Headquarters, France, 9.3 p.m., Saturday.

Hostile artillery has been active during the day north-east of Epehy and on both banks of the Scarpe.

Nothing else of special interest has occurred during the day.

One German aeroplane was brought down in air fighting yesterday, and another was shot down by gunfire from the ground. Two hostile observation balloons were also destroyed.

Five of our aeroplanes are missing.

"RECKLESS WHOLESALE LIES."

GERMAN REPORTS DISSECTED.

BRITISH BOMBERS' SUPERIORITY.

(By Press Association Special Correspondent.)

British Headquarters, France, Saturday Night.

It is really astonishing that with, let us say, two million men facing each other in a great offensive upon the British front, their should be so little to record as the result of a week's retrospect.

Bullecourt and Roeux are the only names which have figured during this period, and these were a legacy from earlier fighting, which has now been successfully disposed of.

Not that the present lull by any means implies that we have been fought to a standstill. The German official communiques are, of course, trying to make the people believe this, but the people have been fooled so often upon this point alone that one wonders when the truth of Abraham Lincoln's famous Apothegm will manifest itself.

The Hindenburg Line.

The situation at the moment seems to be puzzling the German military critics. Major Moraht is insisting a good deal upon the merits of the elastic system of defence, and refers to the Siegfreid Line, which we term the Hindenburg line, as a living mobile arm. This conclusion of a trench system, with its occupants, is characteristic of the manner in which the German military writers are now endeavouring to obscure the real facts, and to demonstrate that, as Herr von Bethmann Hollweg brazenly declared last Tuesday, the military situation was never better for Germany.

The Troops that are Bleeding to Death.

Here is the semi-official view of the Siegfried position as circulated by the Hun wireless press:—

In the opinion of the German troops who have just come out of battle the attackers will bleed themselves to death before the colossal defensive system of the Siegfried position.

This is certainly not the opinion of the thousands of German troops who have come back out of battle under the escort of British guards. They agree as to the bleeding to death, but with the qualification that their side is doing most of this.

Between Bullecourt and the Min Sans Souti we have breached this wonderful position to an extent that neutralises all boasts about impregnability. But then this wireless communique which I am quoting contains some critical examples of the kind of barefaced lying in which German officialdom is now indulging such as—

Since the Somme battle the former superiority of the British artillery effectives has been entirely removed. The German infantry feels itself far superior to the British infantry, and master of the situation.

Superiority of British Bombers.

The cold truth is that the superiority of the British in artillery effectives is relatively considerably higher now than it was in the Somme fighting, and so far from the superior German infantry feeling itself master of the situation it is not even able to maintain its ground on the purely defensive against our attacks.

Again, those of the British troops who had penetrated at certain points were always driven back again in hand-grenade engagements. The German hand grenade thrower is far superior in skill to the British thrower.

It only need be added that German prisoners are practically unanimous in declaring that our bombers are better trained and more efficient than their own, and the results of grenade attacks and counter-attacks and of raids go to show how true this is.

Reckless Wholesale Lying.

I am always glad to see this reckless wholesale lying on the part of the Boches. They are reasonably truthful only when they are successful, and the circumstances that their versions are becoming always more flagrant distortions of what we know to be the literal facts is very reassuring. Lies do not make people nearly so angry as unpalatable truths, as the editor of Kladderadatsch testifies.

ARTILLERY BATTLE ON CHEMIN DES DAMES.

Paris, Saturday Night.

The official report issued to-night states:—

There was no infantry action in the course of the day.

The artillery fighting was at times violent on the Chemin des Dames in the sector of La Bovelle Hurtebise and on the California Plateau.

On the rest of the front there was intermittent shelling.

AVIATION.

Lieutenant De la Tour has brought down to date nine German aeroplanes, and Adjutant Douchy seven.

Amsterdam, Saturday Night.

The German evening report issued to-night says:—

During the afternoon there was increased artillery activity in Champagne. Otherwise there was no events of special importance either in the West or the East.

U BOATS BEING MASTERED.

BRITISH NAVY'S NEW METHODS.

SUCCESS LIKELY TO CONTINUE.

Edinburgh, Saturday Night.

In the course of a speech delivered here to-night Mr Kennedy Jones, of the Food Control Department, said the submarine menace was perhaps not so far from being surmounted as some people were inclined to think. I believe, he said, we are beginning to master the submarine trouble.

There were those who told us in March that the longer days would see a rapid increase in our shipping losses. They have seen a decrease. Longer days with clear weather provide better opportunities for observation by the seaplanes which convoy our food ships.

Success of New Method.

There is another reason. We have been able, thanks to the ingenuity of our Admiralty and to the courage and skill of our sailors, to make attacks by a new method on the German U boats, which so far has been attended with success. That success will, I think, continue. I hope and believe that in the course of the next few months Germany will again discover that she has made another miscalculation; that another of her tricks has been trumped, and will realise that in no circumstances is it possible to starve us out of the war. If that hope with which Germany is alone holding her people together to-day fails the Kaiser, it is possible that you may have an earlier termination of the war than those in high command—always the most pessimistic of people, and rightly so—allow themselves to hope for.

SPAIN AND THE U-BOAT MENACE.

Peremptory Demand for Indemnities.

Madrid, Saturday.

Even the Germanophile press approves unreservedly of the protest made against the proceedings of the German submarines.

The Note sent to Berlin is categorical and peremptory. It insists upon indemnities and a guarantee that such offences shall not be repeated.

The convocation of Parliament will depend upon whether the German reply is immediate.

If the reply is unsatisfactory, the Minister of the Interior declared at a meeting of journalists, Spain will find herself up against the gravest situation experienced since the beginning of the war.

The Note to Germany may be the last, because it admits of no juridic discussion.—Exchange Telegram.

VALUE OF THE TANKS.

Attacked by Special Batteries.

Paris, Saturday Night.

An official account of the work accomplished by the tanks in the last battle says:—

Piloted by energetic crews, the tanks have shown during the latest operations what splendid support the infantry may expect from them.

On May 5, reaching the scene of fighting over paths the very negotiation of which was a wonderful performance, the tanks engaged the enemy of the terrain of attack a few seconds before the waves of infantry moved forward. Enemy shells were concentrated upon it from batteries specially told off for the purpose, while machine guns also lent their aid in the effort to counter the advance of the monsters.

By means of massed fire the German gunners smote with ball and hail the moving carapaces, hoping to burst through them by dint of pounding on the same points, and to attack the crews through the armour plate and mechanism of the enormous machines. But they did not succeed. The innumerable projectiles dented, heated, and even polished the steel plates, but failed to penetrate.—Exchange.

NICARAGUA BREAKS WITH GERMANY.

Washington, Saturday.

Nicaragua has severed diplomatic relations with Germany.

ENGINEERS' STRIKE SETTLED.

TERMS OF AGREEMENT WITH WORKMEN'S EXECUTIVE.

RELEASE OF THE ARRESTED LEADERS.

London, Saturday Night.

The engineers' strike was settled to-day at a series of conferences, at one of which the Prime Minister presided.

The Amalgamated Society of Engineers issued instructions to-night to their members to resume work immediately.

One of the provisions of the agreement relates to the release of the strikers' leaders who were placed under arrest.

TERMS OF THE SETTLEMENT.

POSITION OF ARRESTED LEADERS.

Press Bureau, Saturday Night.

After a meeting at the Ministry of Munitions between the Minister of Munitions and Mr Henderson and the Executive Council of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, who were accompanied by a deputation of the unofficial strike conference, a conference with the Executive Council of the A.S.E. was held at No. 10 Downing Street this afternoon at 4 p.m.

The Prime Minister presided, and was accompanied by Mr Henderson, the Minister of Munitions, and the Minister of Labour.

The following proposals were agreed to:—

1. That the members of the unofficial strike conference should return to their districts in accordance with the resolution of the deputation from the unofficial strike conference which waited upon the Executive Council, and should advise the men to return to work at once, and that a public statement should be made to this effect.

2. That the members of the unofficial strike conference should leave the Executive Council to conduct negotiations with the Government in regard to existing differences, and should use their best endeavours to secure the continuance of this practice with a view to the avoidance of any stoppage of work in the future.

3. The Executive Council will issue an instruction to the men now on strike immediately to return to work.

4. That the Government will not authorise the arrest of further men in connection with the present strike in addition to the ten men against whom warrants had been issued.

5. That no further action would be taken to effect the arrest of the two men out of the town against whom warrants have been issued who are not already in custody.

6. That the Government will be prepared to suggest to the Magistrate that, pending the trial of the eight men who have been arrested, they should be allowed out of custody on their own recognisances to be of good behaviour.

7. That there should be no victimisation in consequence of the present strike in any Government or controlled establishment.

In accordance with the terms of the settlement with the Executive of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, we understnd that an application will be made at once to the Magistrate on behalf of the prosecution with a view to releasing the accused from custody at the earliest possible moment on their own recognisances to be of good behaviour pending the proceedings on their remand on Wednesday next.

STATEMENT BY MEN'S EXECUTIVE.

Men Instructed To Resume Work.

Press Bureau, Saturday Night.

A conference was held at the Ministry of Munitions to-day between the Minister of Munitions and the Executive of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, who were accompanied by a deputation from the unofficial strike conference.

The interview began with a statement by the Chairman of the A.S.E., who intimated that he was there to introduce the deputation with the authority of the Executive, and that the deputation wished to lay the facts of the situation as they saw them before the Minister.

The delegates thereupon stated that the grievances of the men in respect of the abolition of the trade card system, the Munitions of War Amendment Bill, and other matters. They then withdrew and left the Executive Council and the Minister of Munitions to consult upon the situation.

The Executive Council placed certain considerations before the Minister, who stated that before replying he would be glad to know what action was proposed to be taken by the Society to arrive at a settlement of the present difficulties. The following resolution of the unofficial strike conference was thereupon read:—

"That we hereby request the Executive Council to attend with us at the Ministry of Munitions in order to state our case, and then immediately return to our districts telling them we have carried out the mandate, and advise them to return to work, leaving the matter with the Executive Council, on receiving assurances of no further arrests, or no victimisation, and in regard to releases."

Subsequently there was a conference at 10 Downing Street, at which the Prime Minister presided, and a settlement was arrived at.

The following statement is issued by the Executive Council of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers:—

In order to give full effect to the agreement entered into with the Ministry of Munitions, and confirmed by the Prime Minister on behalf of the Government, and in accordance with the resolution of the deputation elected by the strike conference, the Executive Council instruct all members who are now on strike to resume work immediately.

On behalf of the Executive Council. (Signed) J. T. Brownlie, chairman; Robert Young, general secretary.

ACCUSED MEN LIBERATED.

London, Saturday Night.

Late to-night Mr Edwards, who has been chairman of the Conference of Shop Stewards, which has sat during the week at the Socialists' Hall, York Road, Walworth, stated to the Press Association, regarding the men who were charged yesterday at Bow Street Police Court, that the Prime Minister, at the meeting to-day, promised the Executive that they would be released forthwith, and, though there might be proceedings on Wednesday next, he did not think that there would be any importance attached to them.

Upon inquiry in official quarters to-night, the Press Association representative was informed that, in accordance with the terms of the settlement, the accused men had all been liberated from Brixton Prison.

In the case of Walter Hill, Mr W. C. Anderson, M.P., was accepted as surety for him.

GLASGOW ENGINEERS' SECRETARY'S OPINION.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

Mr Sam. Bunton, district secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, when informed by a "Post Sunday Special" representative of the settlement of the strike, said it was very gratifying to know that the strike was ended, and suggested that the end might have been attained as the result of last night's meeting of the Glasgow District Committee, whose decision had been telegraphed to all the other districts and also to the Council.

AERIAL ATTACK ON DUTCH TOWNS.

British Officer's Investigations.

The Hague, Saturday.

It is officially announced that, at the request of the British Government, a British officer has been given an opportunity of examining fragments of the bombs dropped on Zierikzee. The officer has arrived here.

The Germans are trying to lay the blame on British aviators for the outrage, but it is significant that British flying men observed an aeroplane, presumably enemy, near the bombed town, which was carrying a powerful light, about the time the bombs were dropped on the Dutch town.

ITALIANS HOLD THEIR GAINS.

CAPTURE OF VODICE MASSIF.

SPLENDID FEAT OF INFANTRY FIGHTING.

London, Saturday Night.

The gains obtained by the Italians in their offensive this week are now being counter-attacked, and the official report issued at Rome to-day records the repulse of enemy attacks on our Allies' new positions at Hill 592 (Vodice) and in the area east of Gorizia.

The communique gives details of the capture of Hill 652, an important position at Vodice.

CAPTURE OF VODICE HEIGHTS.

Italian Success in Long and Severe Fighting.

Rome, Saturday.

The following Italian communique was issued here this evening:—

On the Julian front surprise attacks during the night on our positions on the heights of Hill 592 (Vodice) were repulsed.

On the morning of the 18th our troops opened a vigorous attack with the object of capturing the heights of Hill 652 (Vodice), the key to the enemy's defences north of Monte Santo.

Long-Contested Heights Captured.

The stubborn resistance of the enemy, supported by numerous batteries of all calibres, which kept up a continuous fire from the rear, rendered the action long and severe.

Advancing from rock to rock, expelling the enemy from trench and cavern, destroying his machine guns, our infantry by evening succeeded in reaching the crest of the long-contested heights and in maintaining their position against the concentrated fire of the enemy batteries.

Three hundred and seventy-nine prisoners, including sixteen officers, were taken.

With the capture of the Massif, between Monts Cucco and Vodice, the task of diverting the enemy's attention assigned to the troops in the sector between Bodez and Loga was completed, and they withdrew to the right bank of the Isonzo without molestation from the enemy.

Gorizia Violently Bombarded.

In the area east of Gorizia we maintained all our positions against persistent enemy attacks, which were particularly violent south of Grazigna and on the heights of Hill 174, south of Tivoli.

On the rest of the front incessant artillery duels are reported, the enemy's fire being especially violent against Gorizia and the surrounding villages.

Aerial activity continued to be intense. Our squadrons dropped bombs on encampments east of Canali and in the Gargare Valley, returning safely to their bases.

Two enemy machines were brought down.

BULGARS BEATEN BACK.

Paris, Saturday Night.

An official communique from the Army of the East, dated yesterday, states as follows:—

On the Struma front the Bulgarians, after considerable artillery preparation, attacked the positions recently won by the British troops, and were repulsed.

An enemy coup de main, attempted under cover of fog, near Lake Prespa, likewise failed.

In the region of the Jumnica we captured a further trench.

PORTUGUESE READY FOR FRONT.

ADDITION TO ALLIES' STRENGTH IN WEST.

War Correspondents' Headquarters, France, Saturday Night.

An interesting little ceremony that took place this morning was an official inspection of a Portuguese battalion which has completed its intensive training and is ready to go to the line.

The men looked very sturdy and war worthy, and their smart bluish-grey uniform and workmanlike equipment called forth general praise.

British officers who have been associated with the Portuguese contingent during their training in France speak of them in terms of unfeigned appreciation. They say that they are untiringly keen and particularly efficient in patrol duties, sniping, and bombing. In a recent map-reading competition open to all-comers, a Portuguese officer won on points.

The field artillery of our Peninsular ally is excellent, and the cavalry arm has called forth the admiration of the most exacting critics alike for quality of horses and the manner in which their riders sit them.

The fulness of the organisation of this valuable addition to the Allies' strength on the Western front is remarkable. Yesterday I saw Portuguese Engineers running out telephone wires with great smartness. They have their own transport, ambulance train, and field guns, and as far as I can learn the only part of their equipment for which they relied upon us were rifles and tin helmets.

I feel an infinitely greater confidence to-day than I did when I first saw these troops some four months ago that they may be trusted to give a very good account of themselves when they get in among the Boches. —Press Association Special Correspondent.

RUSSIA'S RESOLVE.

FIRM TIES WITH THE ALLIES.

EMPIRE'S VITAL INTERESTS AT STAKE.

Petrograd, Saturday.

The Central Committee of the Constitutional Democratic party to-day passed the following resolution regarding the new Cabinet:—

In spite of the difficult position which has arisen for its political representatives remaining in the Government, the Committee is of opinion that the great danger threatening the country imposes on these members of the party complete abnegation and unlimited self-sacrifice. Approving the energetic defence by M. Miliukoff of the international obligations of Russia, the Constitutional Democratic party declares that it will only be able now, as before, to place its confidence in a policy based on a close and inseparable union with the Allies, and directed towards the safeguarding of the rights, dignity, and vital interests of Russia.

This is why the party urges its representatives in the new Cabinet strictly to watch over the complete maintenance of the above-mentioned principles.

KERENSKI GOING TO THE FRONT.

Petrograd, Friday.

The new Minister of War, M. Kerenski, to-day visited the Congress of Peasants' Delegates which is meeting here.

He received an enthusiastic welcome, and in the course of a speech said:—

We must before everything consolidate civic liberty which the revolution gave us, and we shall not do this if each of us does not do his duty to his country with complete self-sacrifice. Let us show the world we know not only how to destroy, but also how to create.

Turning then to the numerous Peasants' and Soldiers' Delegates, the Minister for War said:—

Soldiers, sailors, officers, I call upon you to make a last heroic effort. I am your servant. Help me to show the world that the Russian Army is not a demolished temple, but that it is strong and formidable, capable of making itself respected and of the depending, free Republic of Democratic Russia.

It may appear strange that a civilian who was never a soldier has undertaken the heavy task of restoring discipline in the army, but I have accepted it because I understand this discipline is based on honour, duty, and reciprocal respects. I have never known what this discipline is, but nevertheless propose to introduce iron discipline into the army. I am sure I shall succeed.

M. Kerenski concluded:—I'm shortly going to the front. Allow me, therefore, to say in the trenches that the Russian peasants wish to have the land which belongs to them, and that no force shall take it from them, but also allow me to say the peasants demand that, in order to achieve this object, everyone shall do his duty in a spirit of self-sacrifice.

GERMANY'S CHALLENGE STILL HOLDS GOOD.

MR ARTHUR HENDERSON ON PEACE PROSPECT.

Richmond, Saturday Night.

Mr Arthur Henderson, member of the War Cabinet, speaking at Richmond this afternoon at a demonstration in support of the Brotherhood Continental Relief Fund of France, Belgium, Serbia, and Roumania, said that never before had civilisation experienced the awful horrors of war as since August, 1914. It had been estimated that the total number of persons killed and wounded exceeded the population of the United Kingdom. Of these seven million, or a number larger than the population of the County of London, had been killed.

Coming to the financial aspect of the case, it had been estimated that the expenditure had not been less than 8000 or 9000 millions, and in addition a vast amount of fixed property, shipping, and goods had been destroyed amounting to many millions more. Thus the impoverishment of the world by waste of life, waste of labour, and destruction of material had been appalling.

With regard to the present position of the war, speaking with the utmost frankness, Mr Henderson said that with nearly three years of military effort without precedent there was no immediate prospect of a cessation of hostilities. The severe character of the war and its prolongation had tempted some of us to ask why peace was not attempted by other means. He would tell them. Because the challenge thrown down by Germany in 1914 still held good. The lust for world domination which dictated the policy of aggressive military action on the part of Germany continued to be supported by the Kaiser and his Prussian advisers.

The German armies continue to threaten the very existence of independent nationalities. The ideals for which we entered the war and for which so much had been sacrificed remain unchanged. However much we would welcome peace we could not falter until the great act of liberation had been fully achieved.

Labour Greetings to Russia.

Referring to the position of Russia, Mr Henderson said we could depend upon it that of all the wonderful things that have happened during this war there was nothing to approach to the Russian Revolution. As a representative of the British Socialists I rejoice at the act of liberation, and send to all fellow-workers in Russia warmest greetings in the name of British Labour. I would assure them that if they want our help they can count upon us both in word and deed to the utmost of our power. Russia has now become one of the free democracies of the world. If this newly won freedom be properly used it may become the most potent factor in the establishment of a permanent peace amongst the liberty-loving peoples of the world.

PLAN TO RATION NEUTRALS.

UNITED STATES TO TAKE ACTION

TO PREVENT FOOD REACHING GERMANY.

New York, Saturday.

A Washington telegram of the Associated Press announces that the rationing of Holland, Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland, and Spain was discussed formally at a conference at the State Department between Mr Balfour, Mr Lansing, Mr Redfield, and others.

The necessity of limiting exports to those countries, both to prevent them from finding their way to enemy territory and to conserve the Allied shipping, was considered in all phases, and a general understanding was reached.

It is understood that the complete participation of the United States in the rationing system has already been worked out by the Allies.

The realisation of to-day's plan, however, is dependent upon suitable legislation by the American Congress.—Reuter.

CAPTAIN BALL ALIVE.

A PRISONER IN GERMANY.

OFFICIAL NEWS OF FAMOUS AIRMAN.

Nottingham, Saturday Night.

Official news has been received that Captain Ball, D.S.O., M.C., is a prisoner in Germany.

A wire to that effect was received to-day from the War Office by Captain Ball's father, an ex-Mayor of Nottingham.

The good news quickly spread, and congratulatory messages were received by the parents from widely separated quarters.

Two Welsh flying officers who were missing a fortnight before Captain Ball disappeared have just been heard from as prisoners of war at Karlsruhe.

HOW YOUNG BALL WAS SHOT DOWN.

Attacked By Six Enemy Machines.

(Passed By Press Bureau.)

The following story of the air fight after which Captain Albert Ball, D.S.O., Britain's young "star" airman, was reported missing, is supplied by a comrade who took part:—

"Jimmy Ball returned to duty. He was posted to us for risky work behind the German lines or in advance of our own army. For the first fortnight he was absolutely tireless. He was up every day, and it was in that period that he brought down the majority of the twelve enemy machines he added to his bag, which up to then had totalled thirty. He was absolutely fearless, but never reckless.

"The fight in which he was brought down was one of the severest I have been in. The enemy realised that a great deal depended on their ability to keep our machines from hovering over their lines, and they made desperate attempts to keep us away.

"I had Ball in observation from the start. My impression is that the enemy had somehow marked him down also, for immediately we approached half a dozen enemy machines made straight for the young hero, and started peppering him with their machine guns. Ball went straight at them with that rare dash in which he excelled. He brought down one of them and, I believe, damaged two others in such a way that they had to descend.

"By then the fight was raging all over the place, and I lost sight of Ball for a time. When next I saw his machine it was flying well over the enemy lines, and appeared to be attracting the whole efforts of the enemy.

"Gun-fire was coming from below, and a cloud of German machines were circling around like hawks after their prey. Ball was fighting gamely, though he appeared to be entirely cut off from our squadron. Two of our chaps tried to get to his assistance, but the Germans detached a dozen machines to intercept them, and both of our men had to give up.

"From that moment Ball dropped in a cloud of German machines. We could still distinguish him because of certain markings as he circled and manœuvred amid the enemy machines, but gradually he became little more than a speck on the horizon as he was forced to descend within the enemy's line.

MINISTRY OF MUNITIONS AND HOLIDAYS.

The Position in Scotland.

London, Saturday Night.

The recent announcement by the Minister of Munitions to the effect that there will be no interference with the ordinary Whitsuntide holidays may be taken as applying to those holidays which are held in lieu of the Whitsuntide holidays in Scotland and to the Fair holidays and other local holidays customary in certain parts of the country.

This will be subject to the proviso contained in the previous announcement regarding such firms as may be required to remain at work during the holidays referred to. These firms will receive individual notice to this effect from the department from which they hold their contracts.

KITCHEN THE KEY TO VICTORY.

MR KENNEDY JONES' HOPEFUL SPEECH.

GOOD LUCK WITH OUR WHEAT CONSIGNMENTS.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

"To-day the kitchen is the key to victory, and is in the fighting line alongside our heroes of the trenches and our brave men on the sea," declared Mr Kennedy Jones, M.P., the Food Economy Director, addressing a large audience to-night in the Usher Hall, Edinburgh. Lord Provost Lorne M'Leod presided.

Mr Kennedy Jones said the German submarine menace, in his view, and he was basing his view on the fact of the sinkings which had been so far inflicted upon us, might be faced without dismay. Although Lord Devonport had repeatedly explained that the four pounds of bread per head was an average family ration, there were still those who said that it was not enough for the man engaged in heavy manual labour. He agreed with them. He assumed that in an average family, where four pounds of bread were taken for the man and woman and children, the children would not eat so much as the four pounds, and he was practically certain that the woman would not, and that therefore the man engaged in heavy manual labour would be able to obtain, and ought to obtain, more than his four pounds.

Hindenburg was trying, he believed, with a failing heart to hold his lines while the submarines strove to win the victory his Prussian Guards could not achieve. If Germany could exhaust our food supplies she would win, and while the Admiralty worked day and night to evolve plans which would defeat the submarine menace, surely it was little we were asked to do to make individual economies which, while small in themselves, would in the total prove such a mass that the U boats would shatter themselves against it as against rocks.

Save Eighty Million Slices a Day.

He wanted to see eighty million slices of bread saved every day in the country by forty million self-appointed food controllers.

If ticket rationing ever came into this country, however carefully arranged it might be, it would involve inequalities as between town and country, the rich and the poor, that would make it almost as great a disaster as a disaster it would be designed to avert. The necessity for compulsory rationing had not yet arisen. He thought he was justified in telling them that our supplies of wheat and wheat substitutes, with the possible exception of oatmeal, gave less cause for anxiety to-day than they did, say, six weeks ago.

Better Position Regarding Stocks.

So far as stocks were concerned we were in a better position now than we were then. The country had shown distinct signs of obeying the injunctions of the Food Controller. That was one version, but there was another. We had had good luck with our wheat consignments, and the possibility of a disastrous shortage between this and the new harvest was less than it had been.

They had not to assume, however, that however satisfactory it might seem that the need had disappeared or was likely to disappear for the greatest possible economy in every foodstuff on the part of every individual. It was true that there were legitimate cases for complaint in regard to profiteering as between traders and merchants and retailers in this country. He personally did not envy the man who was waxing fat on the leanness of supplies, and he would welcome legislation that would make it a criminal offence to gamble in the food of the people.

But the matter of prices was not one of which he was mainly concerned. He knew that it was receiving most anxious and careful consideration at the hands of the Food Controller, and he thought he could say this, that steps were being taken, so far as it was possible, to prevent the public being exploited. The Food Controller had hopes that meat, for instance, would not long remain at its present high and unreasonable price.

POSED AS DUKE OF ABERCORN.

Young Man and His Motor Car.

London, Saturday.

A young man, giving the name of Frederick Charles de Walk, described as an artist, was charged before Mr Cancellor at the South-Western Police Court with obtaining property by false pretences.

He is said to have driven in a large motor car with a chauffeur to a big house in Sloane Street, S.W., and, introducing himself as the Duke of Abercorn, selected property of considerable value. He drove away with the articles, but suspicion was aroused when the cheque did not arrive.

On another occasion the prisoner, dressed as a Roman Catholic priest, was said to have called on Mr Alexander Salmon, clothier, of High Street, Putney, and ordered clothing, which he said he desired for Russian refugees. The articles were sent to him at the Norfolk Hotel, Kensington, and he disappeared shortly afterwards.

Sentence of six months' imprisonment was passed.

LATEST WIRES.

Colonel Sunderland, of Ravensden Grange, was fined £100 at Bedford yesterday for feeding pigeons and fowls with corn fit for human food.

The mark reached its lowest quotation on the Geneva Exchange, the fall being to 78.05 per 100 marks.

The Russian communique yesterday states:—On the Western, Roumanian, and Caucasian fronts rifle firing and scouting reconnaissances have taken place.

THE WINGED NAVY IN FRANCE.

BRITISH LAD TACKLES SIX BOCHE AEROPLANES.

AMAZING ADVENTURES OVER ENEMY TRENCHES.

London, Saturday Night.

The Admiralty issued to-night the following article descriptive of the part which the Royal Naval Air Service is playing in the battlefields of the West:—

The navy that flies had been in France some time before the army heard very much about its doings. This was not so much the fault of the army as the outcome of the taciturn silence in which the navy that flies set to work. It had been bidden to observe the traditions of the silent navy, and it observed them, forbearing even to publish the number of Boche machines it accounted for day by day.

The navy that flies accepted the invitation to co-operate with the army that flies with suppressed exultation, and detailed certain squadrons of fighters. It admits having selected picked pilots, because there was the credit of the old navy to consider. Each squadron was entrusted to the care of a seasoned veteran of fully twenty-five summers, and of the flight leaders there was one that had even turned twenty-one. In short, the navy that flies was sending of its best—and its worst was very good indeed.

They flew away from the coast and the sea, and their motor transport rumbled through the empty plains of France till they closed upon the fringe of the entrenched army. Here, perched above the surrounding country on some plateau or hillside, with the ceaseless murmur of the guns in their ears, each of the squadrons rigged its flagstaff and hoisted the White Ensign, set up the grey painted huts and the ship's bell that divided the day into ship-watches, slung their hammocks and announced that they were ready to "co-operate" with anybody or anything.

The army that flies laughed at the ship's bell and the rest of the naval shibboleth, but it took the visitors to its heart. With hands deep in the pockets of its "slacks" and pipe in mouth it came over and examined the fighting machines of the navy that flies and the "doo-hickies" thereof, and it said things under its breath.

Upsetting a School of "Quirks."

The navy that flies did not waste much time looking about it. One fire-eater, setting off to explore the country some thirty miles behind the German lines, came upon a school of "Quirks." Quirks, it may be explained for the benefit of bipeds, are young Boche aviators in an embryonic stage. From the convenient ambush of a cloud he watched their antics for a while as they flopped about above their aerodrome, and then, descending like a thunderbolt, he tumbled three over, scattering the remainder, and returned to make his report. The squadron listened gravely to the story, and concluded that the golden age had dawned.

But sterner work lay ahead, and a fair sample of it is contained in a report of another young gentleman who went scouting single-handed over the German lines what time the "Gentlemen of Britain" were if not abed, cracking the first of their breakfast eggs.

He was attacked by two single-seated "Albatross" machines and a Halberstadt fighter. Into the engine of the latter he emptied a tray of cartridges, with the result that it immediately went spinning down; to make assurance doubly sure he fired another fifty rounds into the whirling wreck as it fell.

By this time a veritable hornets' nest appears to have risen about his ears. There more "Albatross" machines whirred to the attack, and in his subsequent report he noted with artistic enjoyment that the head of one pilot precisely filled the ring of his sight. This eye for detail enabled him to recall the fact that he saw three bullets actually strike the pilot's head, with the not surprising result that the would-be avenger heeled over and span to the ground.

By this time he had been driven down to a height of 200 feet above German occupied territory, and having lost sight of the remainder of his aggressors, he decided to return home at that height.

Peppered With Shots From Uhlans.

As was to be expected his adventures were by no means terminated by this decision. An astonished company of German cavalry drew rein and peppered him with rifle shots as he whisked over the top of their lances. Five minutes later another "Albatross" attacked him.

He rocked the machine in giddy sweeps until within fifty yards of his opponent and side-looped over him (this, remember, at 200 feet from the ground), fired a short burst and drove the Hun off for a moment while he regained equilibrium. Then once more the enemy swooped upon him.

The pilot's own version, the bald official report of the affair, requires no embellishment or comment, though the latter is not easy to suppress.

"These operations," he states, "were repeated several times with a slight variation in the way I looped over him (flying against a head wind). When he was about 150 yeards behind me, I looped straight over him, and coming out of the loop dived at him and fired a good long burst. I saw nearly all the bullets go into the pilot's back, just on the edge of the cockpit. He immediately dived straight into the ground.

"I then went over the German trenches filled with soldiers and was fired on by machine guns, rifles, and small field guns in or out" (Ye Gods and Little Fishes) "of range. There were many shells bursting in and about the German trenches.

For the first time in their lives the Huns got all the fighting they wanted. They revelled in it gluttonously. They grew pale drawn, with the accentuated brilliance of eye common to men in perfect condition living at the highest tension. They saw the Winged Death hourly in the blue lonely above the clouds; the rustle of his wings became a sound familiar as the hum of their own engines, so that all the time the Destroyer passed out of their sight indeed it had ever entered there.

NO PARLEY WITH THE HOHENZOLLERNS.

THE DOCK AND NOT THE COUNCIL CHAMBER FOR KAISER & CO.

By THE REV. HARCOURT M. DAVIDSON, V.D., Chaplain to H.M. Forces.

(EXCLUSIVE TO "THE POST SUNDAY SPECIAL.")

THE dawn of the day of peace may be a distant or a near one, yet quite certainly it draws nearer day by day. And that the forces of the divine and the human will prevail over the forces of the beast and the savage, and that the dictation of the terms of peace will lie in the hands of the former need not be in doubt, however long and grim be the path which must first be trodden.

It is far too early to talk of formulating the details of the peace which alone will satisfy the decent instincts of an outraged civilisation, and make any reasonable amends for the appalling and unprovoked attack which has turned Europe into a lake of blood and has incarnadined the multitudinous sea.

Such matters as the restitution of ruined and plundered territories, of distribution of colonies, of compensations, of indemnities, must stand over for definite settlement, and await the hour when the last roar of the guns shall have sounded.

Yet one question may be asked and answered even now. With whom shall peace be discussed? Who shall be the parties to its councils? To whom shall the Allies listen when a crazed and driven foe is falling in his last ditch? And the answer leaps, sharp and stern:—No truck—No peace—No parley—with the Hohenzollern.

The truth of Rudyard Kipling's tremendous words stands, that hereafter the inhabitants of this planet must be divided into two classes—"Human beings and Germans."

There can be no truck with the Hohenzollern. Of course, there is a sense in which the whole nation is included in this condemnation. It is a servile and bestial nation right down, apparently, to its last spokesman and its last soldier. The evil root has sprung and flourished in congenial soil.

Yet, consider that nation's systematic training, with its science divorced from faith and humanity under sycophantish professors and schoolmasters, its time-serving and obsequious clergy from whose confession of faith the last vestiges of Christian morals seem to have disappeared, and its whole structure devoted to the glorification of the drill sergeant; and you will not wonder at its awful apostacy from the standards of decent humanity.

The Head Wasp and his Bodyguard.

It may perhaps throw up some person in its hour of bitter extremity who shall be worthy to talk with "white men"—I do not know—anyhow we can have no truck with a Hohenzollern. The head wasp and his bodyguard of like-minded satellites must be removed. This at least—or all is in vain.

For this course there are precedents both ancient and modern. It is enough, however, that we remember how Europe refused utterly to treat with Napoleon the Great after his downfall at Waterloo, perceiving plainly that with him unbound human liberty was not safe. And, still more to the point, we remember how Bismarck and his master declined any parley with Napoleon III after his capture in 1870, and would only deal with elected representatives of the French people.

I propose that the same stern measure be meted at this fateful stage in the world's history to the Hohenzollern, and surely with tenfold greater need.

I will not speak of the matter of revivals. That has been frequently and most ably discussed. Let us leave it at present in the hands of our leaders; above all in the hands of our noble sailors and soldiers.

Let us consider what is the purpose of this war as waged by us. Even to this hour there are some who seem to miss the point. For what are we fighting? It is certainly not for this, that, or the other method of government. We are not fighting for democracy, for republicanism, for government of the people by the people for the people, or for British Constitutionalism, or for any external institution of man's devising, however admirable in itself, however dear to its devotees. These things may come and go and drift and pass as the world rolls down the ringing groves of change. We are fighting now a clean-cut issue, a bed-rock conflict, never before so clear to those who have eyes to see. We are fighting for humanity against beastliness.

A New Allies' Declaration.

Now, there was a stage, early in the war, when the Allies bound themselves together in a solemn covenant that no one of them should conclude a separate peace with the enemy, and that unprovided they should achieve victory and dictate peace.

I suggest here, not for the first time, that from the Allied nations the declaration should proceed, very explicitly and very solemnly before the world, that the authors, instigators, and instruments of these vile crimes shall be held individually responsible for their offences, and shall be formally tried by Court, indictment, and libel before an International Court specially constituted for the purpose. Further, that intimation be made that no consideration of rank or station, from the Kaiser downward, shall prevail against this ordinance, and that no peace shall be concluded with Germany until the persons against whom such charges lie be surrendered to, or captured by, the Allied Powers.

Certain indications of this intention have undoubtedly been made by some of our leading statesmen, and President Wilson has also spoken of a "strict accountability" to be demanded concerning specific crimes committed against the United States.

But I make a plea here for a formal intimation from the united Governments of the Allied nations in this sense, and it is certain that the civilised world would receive it with acclamation. Considering the past and present offences of our unspeakable enemy committed against the civilised earth, this pronouncement, with the certainty of its execution, will surely vindicate in the most worthy way that honour of humanity for which we are waging this awful strife.

Our Only Guarantee of Safety.

But there is more. Such a course as above indicated is really the world's only guarantee of safety for the generations to come. Remember, this is a war which, properly understood, is being fought far more in the interests of future ages than for the men of the present day. We of this time, though we emerge from it completely victorious, will do so crippled and broken in material things, albeit we shall have saved our souls alive.

There can be no profit from it all in body or estate to us. In its deepest essence we believe this to be a spiritual conflict for spiritual ends. And the standards that remain steadfast at the close of this war will, I believe, be the standards by which mankind will abide for centuries to come. Dare we then be careless in handling so precious a trust?

We are going, please God, to finish this war in such a fashion as that righteousness and honour shall not perish from this earth, and if we and our Allies do not see to it that, on some such lines as I have suggested, these monstrous insults to the righteousness of God and the honour of man be vindicated, then we have striven in vain and spent ourselves for naught, and our glorious and immortal departed may well arise from battlefield and from ocean deep and testify against us.

It was for these things they fought, for these things they fell. Let there be no departure, no flinching from this determination to have these arrogant and colossal criminals brought formally before the bar of the most august Court of human justice that shall ever have been constituted. They have sought to trample the human race like dirt under their feet. Yet we do not clamour for wild vengeance; we only ask that cold, stern justice be measured out unto them, and that surely will be vengeance enough.

Place Them in the Dock.

Let it be added that the proclamation which I have sketched should further state that no Hohenzollern or any fellow-criminal of that House shall be entertained for a moment as a member of the council of peace. You will say it is inconceivable that such persons should be present. Yet wickedness on a huge scale casts a kind of glamour over some eyes and disguises its essentially common criminality.

So it is as well to say I had as soon see an accused murderer invited by the Judge at the High Court of Justiciary to sit beside him on the bench that together they might discuss the nature of the crime and the degree of the punishment as see a Hohenzollern or his confederate sitting at a conference to deliberate about European peace.

I want these men to be not in the Council chamber, but in the dock, where many a one, white-souled compared with them, has stood, and when we see them there we shall be satisfied. Moralists have said that punishment should possess three functions—(1) Reformative, (2) Retributive, and (3) Deterrent.

Well, in the first place, the reformation of a Hohenzollern may perhaps be frankly abandoned. As to the second, there may well be some difficulty in finding a punishment to fit the crime. As to the third, some course of treatment may be devised which shall deter any All-Highest of the future from attempting again to cut the throat of the human race.

H. M. DAVIDSON.

EDINBURGH SOLDIER DROWNED AT CLYDEBANK.

Clydebank, Saturday.

The Clydebank Police to-day report the death by drowning of Private Peter Young, Scottish Rifles, who accidentally stumbled and fell into the river. Assistance was at hand immediately, but the unfortunate man never rose to the surface.

Young, who was about forty years of age, is believed to have been a packer in civil life, and to have belonged to the Edinburgh district.

The Clydebank Police are anxious to get into communication with his relatives or friends.

LEITH DOCKERS' WAGES.

Leith, Saturday.

The Leith Dock Labourers' Union have approached the employers with a view to a further increase in the rates of pay at the Port. The men have asked 11d per hour for ordinary work, and 1s 3d per hour for night work, representing an advance respectively of 1½d and 2½d per hour.

BOY STRIPPED ON ROAD.

FORCED TO DON KHAKI UNIFORM.

[S]HORT SEQUEL TO [R]ANGE INCIDENT.

Berwick, Saturday.

Tramping from Newcastle to Sunderland to see his parents, a boy of about fourteen was attacked by a soldier on the main road near Berwick, and, in spite of a sturdy resistance, was stripped of his clothes, which the soldier put on. He had thus no alternative but to get into the khaki which the soldier had left.

At the nearest village he reported the incident to the police, and the sequel was heard at Berwick, when Herbert Watson, aged nineteen, was charged with deserting from a training reserve battalion near Newcastle. He was found in a Berwick lodging-house wearing the boy's clothes, which, short though he was, were two or three sizes too small for him.

He told the Bench that he had a weak heart, and after doing six months' training felt that he could not stand any more. The Bench ordered him to be detained for a military escort.

AIRDRIE'S LADY SWEEP.

The war has brought ladies into many new and unexpected lines of work, and that adopted by Mrs Donaldson, of Airdrie, is one of the strangest. Her husband, Sapper James Donaldson, of the Royal Engineers, was killed twelve days after reaching the front, leaving three children to be provided for. Then the mother hit the new line of

sweeping chimneys, and has "struck ile," now earning a good and honest living, the soot even being turned to money from nurserymen and plotholders. Note how the white wicker pram has been turned to account by this female "black and white artist."

CALLING UP OF DOCTORS.

DUMBARTON INSURANCE COMMITTEE ALARMED.

Dumbarton, Saturday.

At the monthly meeting of Dumbarton Insurance Committee, the Clerk (Mr K. S. Mackenzie) said intimation had been received by three local doctors that their cases had been considered by the Scottish War Emergency Committee and forms were enclosed to them for commissions in the R.A.M.C. A letter which had been forwarded to the Commissioners was read, which pointed out that the three doctors had been advised to apply for commissions before May 14. The letter further pointed out that the Committee "were strongly of opinion that to take away these doctors without making adequate provision for deputies would seriously endanger the efficiency of the medical service in the area, so much so that the committee were alarmed at the prospect."

GLASGOW AND FOOD ECONOMY.

Latest Phase of Mr Dalrymple's Campaign.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

The latest phase of Mr Dalrymple's food economy is on very practical lines. In the cars are two modest posters, one appealing to the housewives of Glasgow not to go home without one or more of the recipes for bread savers.

"You have simply," proceeds the poster, "to approach the tramway timekeeper at any one of the following points, and he will give you any you care to have:—St Vincent Place, Shawlands Cross, Rutherglen, Scotstoun, Maryhill, Springburn, Parkhead Cross, Charing Cross, Battlefield, Eglinton Toll, Mount Florida, Paisley Road Toll, Botanic Gardens, Normal School, Fleming Street; Bridgeton Cross, Alexandra Park, Linthouse.

There are twenty recipes, each on a separate slip of stout paper, and the timekeeper will give the housewife a copy of any recipe which she decides to try. Among the more unusual may be mentioned:—Egg cutlets, American mush, maize and date dumpling, savoury rice, Scotch rarebit, maize meal muffins, and bean pie.

To-day the recipes were in great demand, and doubtless—on the principle that the better the day the better the deed—many housewives will study them between churches to-morrow, with practical demonstrations as to the degree of acceptability.

BOY HERO OF THE CAMERONIA.

"IT'S A' RICHT," SHOUTS GLASGOW LAD.

BRAVERY TO BE RECOGNISED.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

The story of the sinking of the Cameronia was read with intense interest in Glasgow, for the Archor Liner was not only Glasgow owned but Clyde built.

Not a few incidents are related showing the cool courage of officers and men, but for sheer British pluck it would be difficult to beat the conduct of the captain's messenger boy, a Glasgow lad, of whom more should be heard.

One of the lad's duties was to carry the megaphone, and, following upon the explosion, the captain asked him to tell the men to keep steady. Going to the head of the bridge companion, and putting the megaphone to his mouth, the boy shouted, in the cheeriest possible voice, such messages as "Steady, there, men; keep cool; it's a' richt; there's nae hurry."

The figure of a youngster shouting such messages to men old enough to be his father was a sight that few who saw it will forget. It was not without its humour, however, and, with characteristic spirit, the men smiled grimly as they carried out the orders.

Astonished the Wireless Man.

Another useful bit of work performed by the boy was to procure a whistle for the captain. He was sent to the captain's cabin for it, but he could not find it there. He remembered, however, that the wireless operator had a whistle, so, slipping past the soldiers, he reached the operator's cabin. One of the operators held a whistle in his mouth, and before the officer knew what had happened, the lad had snatched the whistle from his mouth and darted from the room, with the brief but pointed explanation, "Cap'n wants a whistle."

Inquiry in Glasgow to-night elicited the information that there is every likelihood of the plucky city boy getting a chance of continuing to give evidence of the stuff that is in him. It is understood that arrangements are being made by which he will enter upon a course of study at the School of Navigation in connection with Glasgow Royal Technical College.

POTATO RAIDS ON HELENSBURGH.

Renewal of Remarkable Street Scenes.

Helensburgh, Saturday.

Helensburgh has had a renewal of the raids made recently by the inhabitants of Greenock, Port Glasgow, and the surrounding districts for potatoes. Mr John Brown, the enterprising merchant, evidently believes in advertising, for it was through this means that the inhabitants across the water learned there were still potatoes in Helensburgh.

The early boats were packed, and the trek to West Princes Street resembled a Sunday school excursion, as the "pilgrims" were mostly of the younger generation. The midday steamer conveyed another large quota, and in the eagerness of some of the passengers to get ahead they left the steamer at Craigendoran. Each person was supplied with a stone of potatoes, and all sorts of receptacles were utilised to carry them away. Some households were represented by the entire family. It is estimated that between two and three thousand customers were supplied.

With the departure of the last steamer for Greenock about four o'clock a large number of potato-hunters found themselves stranded. Communication was established by telephone with the police in Greenock, who communicated with Provost M'Millan. The latter made arrangements to get the people home. A tug boat was chartered, and sent across to Craigendoran, where the people embarked for home shortly after seven o'clock.

WOMAN'S CRUELTY TO CHILD.

Dundee Sheriff's "Worst Case."

Dundee, Saturday.

The story of a Dundee woman's horrible cruelty to a child of eleven months was related before Sheriff Neish to-day, when Jessie Johnstone, 13 Shepherd's Loan, Dundee, pleaded guilty to wilfully ill-treating and neglecting Florrie Middleton, a child in her charge.

The mother of the child gave evidence to the effect that on two occasions when she visited it she observed that it had a black eye.

Dr Edwin James Wennyon, Dundee, stated that when he examined the child he discovered that both its legs and left arm were broken.

Several witnesses stated that accused's explanation for the child's condition was that it had fallen on to a chair, then from the chair to the floor, and that she had fallen on top of it.

In passing sentence of four months' imprisonment Sheriff Neish remarked that it was the worst case of horrible cruelty that had ever come before him in all his experience.

GREENOCK BOILERMAKER ASSAULTS FOREMAN.

Greenock, Saturday.

James Gallacher, boilermaker, was charged at the Police Court to-day with assaulting his foreman. Employed on the night-shift, accused turned up late, and, on being remonstrated with, he committed the assault.

Judge Robinson, in imposing a penalty of 40s, or twenty days, said men employed in a controlled establishment were under a certain discipline, without which work of national importance would be greatly retarded.

LATEST NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

FROM ALL PARTS OF SCOTLAND.

BY WIRE AND 'PHONE.

Yesterday damage estimated at about £20,000 was caused by fire in the woodyard of Robert Millar & Sons, Ltd., Aberdeen.

The flag day on behalf of the Princess Louise Scottish Hospital for Limbless Sailors and Soldiers held in Helensburgh realised £162 13s.

Private Joseph Curran, Royal Scots, formerly a postman at Bonnybridge, has received a bar to the Military Medal which he gained in December.

A proposal is afoot in Leith to form a "Salt Herring League," the members of which would pledge themselves to take salt herrings at one meal each day.

Provost Sandilands presided at a meeting held in Alyth yesterday, when it was decided to hold a grand Red Cross Fete on Wednesday of the Dundee holiday week.

While in hospital wounded, Pte. Adam Paterson, A. and S.H., Barleyhill, Bonnybridge, has been decorated with the Military Medal for bravery in the field last month.

The honour of having eleven sons and grandsons, in addition to other near relatives, serving with the forces is held by Mr Daniel Robertson, Kerse Gardens, Grangemouth.

For stealing three pairs of boots from a shop door at 104 Crown Street, Glasgow, Barbara Donaldson or Minogue was fined £2, or twenty days, at Glasgow Southern Police Court

Coy.-Sergt.-Major Dalrymple Bowman, R.S.F., whose wife resides at 49 Brewland Street, Galston, is reported as having been killed in action on 30th July last, on which date he was officially posted missing.

Yesterday flags were sold on the streets of Coatbridge, under the auspices of the Town Council, for funds to provide gold wristlet watches for the sons of the Iron Burgh who have gained medals for gallantry.

Hugh Docherty, a rockman, lost his life at Fell Hill Quarries, Creetown. He was engaged with his mates fixing a ladder to resume work after blasting operations when he fell from the face to the bottom of the quarry.

George Cromarty, engine-room artificer, R.N.R., a native of Leith, has been awarded the D.S.M. Previous to the war he was in the merchant service, and served his apprenticeship with Messrs John Cran & Co., engineers, Leith.

Information has been received that Sergt. Alec G. Graham, has been awarded the Military Medal. He is a son of Mr and Mrs Graham, Burnbank, Airdrie, and has come through much severe fighting in France during the past two years.

The Rev. Alexander Slater Dunlop, B.D., of Luss Parish Church, who has been doing excellent work on the Eastern front, has recently been promoted to the rank of lance-corporal in the Royal Army Medical Corps, and is in charge of the dry goods canteen.

David Anderson, a married miner, who resided at Newtown Street, Kilayth, has been seriously injured through a fall of material from the roof of the workings in Dumbreck Colliery. His collar-bone was broken, and he was injured on the hip and foot.

The body of a woman, Margaret Murphy or Gemmell (68), was found by a lamplighter lying in a pool of blood on a stair at 3 Kerr Street, Calton, Glasgow. She had been visiting a friend, and was last seen alive about ten o'clock the previous night.

Mr Adam D. Jardine, who recently resigned his position as general works manager of the Scottish Iron and Steel Co., Ltd., Coatbridge, has been presented with a gold watch and revolving chair, along with a pearl pendant for Mrs Jardine, by the employees of Coat's Iron Works.

Three Coatbridge soldiers—Sergt. Hugh Joseph Graham, Royal Field Artillery; Corporal Wm. M'Kendry, Irish Guards; and Sergt. Jas. Kerr, Black Watch—were presented by the Town Council with illuminated cards, in commemoration of their gallantry on the occasion of their gaining Distinguished Conduct Medals.

Yesterday afternoon there passed away, at his residence, Craigarb, Falkirk, Mr John S. Wallace, for twenty-one years secretary of the Falkirk and District Landlords Association. Deceased was seventy-five years of age, a large property owner, and a prominent office-bearer of Trinity E.U. Congregational Church. He is survived by a widow.

A War Office telegram has been received in Airdrie intimating that Second-Lieut. Thomas L. Alexander, Black Watch, who enlisted a month after the outbreak of the war, and had seen service in France, is missing on the Balkans front. He was employed in the offices of the Scottish Iron and Steel Co., Ltd., and was organist of the High United Free Church, Airdrie.

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HIS WIFE HAD FLOWN.

SURPRISE FOR SEAMAN BACK FROM VOYAGE.

REMARKABLE STORY OF THREE MEN AT A BACK DOOR.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

When James Davidson, a ship's steward, came home from a voyage he found to his surprise that his wife and his furniture were gone.

To-day, in the Court of Session, Lord Anderson granted him decree of divorce on the ground of infidelity.

The action was at the instance of James Davidson, private in the Scottish Rifles, against Margaret M'Queen or Davidson, Mid Street, Lochgelly.

Pursuer (27) stated that he was married in September, 1900. There was one child born of the marriage. In June of 1912 pursuer went away to sea as a steward. When he came back he found the house empty. His furniture had been sold, and his wife was away.

After some considerable trouble he found her in Lumphinnans, where she was staying with a miner.

A witness stated that defender was now living in Lochgelly with the same miner, who was now in the army.

Mr W. Melvin Ross, S.S.C., agent for the pursuer, stated that when he served defender with the summons she said she wanted to be divorced, so that she could get married to the other man.

THREE MEN AT THE BACK DOOR.

A Curious Story.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

On the ground of his wife's infidelity while he was at sea, William Main, first-class petty officer in the Royal Navy, residing at Rock House, Victoria Street, Dunbar, was to-day granted decree of divorce against Edith Rose Jennings or Main, 155 High Street, Dunbar.

Pursuer (34) stated that his home was always at Dunbar, but he had been married to defender at Harwich in March, 1910, and she lived there while he was at sea. There were no children of the marriage. On his return from sea they went to stay at Dunbar. In October, 1913, pursuer again went to sea, and did not return home until April of this year. In November, 1916, he received a letter from his wife informing him she had given birth to a child. On his return he examined the register, and saw an entry there signed in his wife's handwriting.

Pursuer's father, a Dunbar fisherman of sixty-three, stated that he had seen the defender in Dunbar with a child.

On the case being called this morning the defender appeared and said she desired to make a statement. She was, she said, twenty-two years of age. She admitted that the extract certificate referred to a child to which she had given birth, but stated that she had been the victim of an assault. Answering a knock at the back door, she had found three men there, and had been taken unawares.

AN INDISPENSABLE HAWKER.

APPEALS BY MEN FORMERLY REJECTED.

Glasgow, Saturday.

At the Dumbartonshire Eastern District Appeal Tribunal to-day the case of a man who worked as a baker in Glasgow during the night and conducted an ironmongery business in the suburb during the day again came up. A married man with two children, he had been passed for C2. He was continued for substitution.

The military representative did not press for three military attendants at Woodilee Asylum. They were men who had always been medically rejected, though passed C1 now. It was stated that 67 per cent. of the attendants were on service.

A man who was unable to attend owing to his being working where others were on strike had his case continued for medical examination.

An appellant medically rejected in March last year, and now passed in Class B, asked leave to appeal to the Central Medical Board. He suffered from heart disease and rheumatics. Leave to appeal was granted.

Conditional exemption was granted a wholesale and retail fruit and fish hawker, a member of the Tribunal stating that a man serving 700 to 800 people daily was of more use than a man who sold from a shop.

WOMEN'S PART IN AFTER-WAR PROBLEMS.

Co.-Op. Conference at Greenock.

Greenock, Saturday.

The Scottish Co-Operative Women's Guild held their annual meeting in Greenock Town Hall to-day.

Upwards of 600 delegates attended, and were welcomed by Mr Alexander Macdonald, president of the local society. The war, he said, had demonstrated the important part women could play in the affairs of the nation, and he believed that when peace came they would be found capable of giving valuable assistance in the solution of many of the problems which would arise.

Mrs Tulloch, president of the Guild, presided over the conference, and among the subjects dealt with were the excess profits tax and adequate pensions for discharged sailors and soldiers.

NURSE AWARDED £60 DAMAGES

FOR BREACH OF PROMISE AGAINST CLERK.

Defender Who Wrote Poetry.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

Judgment was given to-day by Lord Ormidale in the Court of Session in the action for breach of promise by Jeanie Smith Crawford, V.A.D. nurse, against Robert Ewing Macgregor, clerk, Shandon Villa, Jamestown, in which the pursuer claimed £250 damages.

Pursuer (26), who wore the uniform of the V.A.D., said she got to know the defender when she was fifteen. Their acquaintance continued for a number of years, and then she went to Canada after her father's death. Defender wrote to her regularly, and sent little bits of poetry, and they became engaged in June, 1915, and the defender gave her a diamond ring. They were to be married at the following Christmas, but owing to the defender's illness it was put off for six months.

The wedding was then fixed for June, 1916, but was again put off on account of the Government disarranging the holidays.

In cross-examination the pursuer said, while they did not go to the same church, she assisted the defender, who was an organist, in arranging his choir practices. One of the postcards defender sent her had the following snatch of poetry:—

If a body write a body,
Gettin' no reply;
May a body spier a body
For the reason why?

Defender (26) admitted that he became engaged to the pursuer in June, 1915, and at her request he gave her a ring for her birthday. He made her a stipulation that he would not get married till after the war, or until his position improved. His position at that time did not justify him in marrying, and his present wage was £2 10s per week, plus five shillings war bonus.

Defender did not break off the engagement, and he invited pursuer to go with him to the "pictures," but subsequently she wrote him a letter in which he understood she determined to break off the engagement.

His Lordship held that it was the defender who had broken the engagement. His Lordship had grave doubt as to whether the defender was not perfectly glad that he was able to bring the engagement to a conclusion. He thought that defender's attitude towards the girl indicated that very strongly. It was not, however, a case in which a heavy award of damages could be given. His Lordship assessed damages at £60.

ABERDEEN MINISTER HONOURED.

This Aberdeen minister has gained the Military Cross for gallantry in action during the recent advance. Lieut. James D. Robertson, of the Gordon Highlanders, is the son of Mr and Mrs James Robertson, Whitehall Place, Aberdeen. He comes of a patriotic family. The lieutenant started life as a compositor.

CLYDE COAST SEASON.

Effect of Unfounded Rumours.

Dunoon, Saturday.

The season so far as it has gone has resulted disastrously to the coast resorts, and especially to those people who make a living by house-letting. Inquiries go to show that very little letting has taken place this month, while the lets for the following months are also not up to last year. There is, of course, increased fares to contend with, and the stoppage of the Broomielaw sailings, but these would not account for the slump in the letting. The cause is principally to be found in the crop of silly and unfounded rumours which seem to be quite prevalent in the Glasgow area.

From letters received from people making inquiries regarding rooms, and the possibility of getting to Dunoon or Rothesay, it seems that these have taken for fact many stories of submarines, dislocation of traffic, but principally of food shortage reducing the people of these resorts almost to starvation. All the rumours are without the least foundation.

It is difficult to understand the origin of the rumours, but they nevertheless have had a serious effect on the coast resorts in Bute and Argyll.

FATAL TRAMCAR ACCIDENT AT PARTICK.

Partick, Saturday Night.

This afternoon, while David Brown, seventy-four years of age, residing at 40 Hyndland Street, was crossing from the south side to the north side of Dumbarton Road, near Thornwood Avenue, he was struck and knocked down by a tramway car. He was removed in an ambulance to the Western Infirmary, where he was found to be suffering from a scalp wound and an injury to the right hip. Later in the afternoon he succumbed to his injuries.

SUFFERINGS OF A V.C.

PATHETIC PLIGHT OF SCOTTISH HERO.

PRIVATE GEO. WILSON'S "REWARD."

BY AN EDINBURGH MINISTER.

(Exclusive to "The Post Sunday Special.")

Edinburgh, Saturday.

Scotland's first V.C., Private George Wilson, the Edinburgh newspaper vendor, is completely broken in health, and is at present lying in a city hospital suffering from the effects of his soldiering campaign.

And a liberal-hearted Government advances him with one hand a pension calculated to cover all consequences, but with the other hand extracts from him a shilling per day while he is in hospital—lest, presumably, he should be overborne with too much wealth!

A civilian, suffering through the result of his own folly, may find himself in an infirmary, receiving the best attention and skill, without money and without price. Not so the soldier who has been maimed or depleted in health through his grim struggle with the most ruthless enemy British soldiers have ever faced. The pensioner must pay out of his comparative poverty a shilling per day for hospital treatment.

A Marvellous Achievement.

This is the reward meted out to the man who performed what has been described as a crowning achievement of splendid heroism and "reckless bravery." In his simple way he told me that when he saw how his comrades were being mowed down he could not stand it longer, and said to the officer commanding—"I must go over and try to stop it. What does it matter though I do not come back; I have neither wife nor bairns." The officer tried to restrain him, but Wilson could not be restrained. "It matters little about me," he said. "I have nothing great to live for."

With rifle and bayonet he went over and sent two of the German gunners to their long home, and captured other eight and brought them into our lines. But the machine gun still continuing in action, Wilson returned to the deathly struggle, and sent other six Germans west, while an officer who tried to shoot him with his revolver was compelled to taste the cold steel of the bayonet. Then Wilson carried the machine gun into our lines amid the cheers of his comrades.

"It made me feel that I had lived to some purpose," said the hero, "when I was thus able to earn the grateful thanks of my comrades."

Pte. George Wilson continued in the trenches until February, 1915, when he was wounded by shrapnel in one of his legs, but this was not all. Rheumatics overtook him and added to his sufferings. He was brought to Blighty and was soon restored to health. We find him again engaged in the battle of Loos on the 25th September, 1915, but on that day he was gassed, and still suffers from its effects. He was discharged from the army on the 6th of July, 1916.

A Pathetic Story.

The story of his life since then is most interesting, yet very pathetic. He told me that after a few months rest there came to him the longing to sell his papers at his old stand—the Hangman's Corner. We find Wilson for a short time engaged in his old calling. The heroic deeds of valour on the battlefield awakened the sympathy of many of our citizens, and some thought that our first V.C. might receive better employment, and so after a short time the Corporation took the matter in hand.

Wilson was then admitted into the Polton Farm Colony, Lasswade, not as a guest but as a boarding workman, with a salary of 10s per week less 4d for insurance. Private Wilson affirms that the food and comfort of the institution are all that one could desire, but the work and discipline too rigorous. It was his daily duty to drive a horse and cart to the city for foodstuff for pig-feeding.

"Ah!" he said, "it was no joke going along the ice-bound road and facing a cold, biting wind in the morning, then loading the cart with broke and refuse from some of the bakeries, carrying on one's back bags weighing from 1½ cwts. to 2½ cwts., and oftentimes the strain of carrying such weight caused bleeding and vomiting of blood."

It is little wonder that our hero could only remain three months at Polton Farm. We can picture him in the cold, frosty mornings shivering and drawn up in the cart, he who could not be overcome while facing the dread enemy, completely broken down with the treatment.

After leaving the Polton Farm Colony he found work in a comb factory. The work there was fairly light, but the dust and confinement told severely upon him. He is now in a local military hospital suffering from the effects of the gas, and a kindly Government takes 1s per day from his all-too-meagre allowance. This is how we treat our heroic V.C.'s.

It is time that the public demanded better treatment for those who have made such splendid sacrifices, and who have risked so much in their fight for freedom, liberty, and righteousness

FALKIRK EX-COUNCILLOR INJURED.

Falkirk, Saturday.

A former Falkirk Councillor, Mr W. W. Miskimmin, who resigned his position both as a member of the School Board and as a Town Councillor two months ago to join the army, has been accidentally injured, and is lying in an hospital in France. Mr Miskimmin is a corporal in the Royal Marines, and while superintending certain operations on board ship he fell into the hold of the vessel and sustained injuries which necessitated his removal to a naval hospital, where he has been for the last three weeks.

THE INNER CIRCLE.

Foxy Ferdinand's Peace Journey: The End of the Strike: Mystery of Enemy Princes' Bill: The Beer Controller.

EXCLUSIVELY CONTRIBUTED

(BY "POST" SPECIAL WIRE).

London, Saturday Night.

THE sensation of the week in peace talk has been the visit of Ferdinand of Bulgaria to Munich. In the Bavarian capital, it must be remembered, are centred the hopes of bringing about a peace through the agency of the Pope, a movement in which the Emperor Charles and his clever consort have played a prominent part.

* * *

Ferdinand, of course, came into the utmost disrepute with the Holy See by insisting upon the apostasy of his heir in spite of the objection of the boy's mother, a Parma Princess, and a most devout Catholic. His visit to the King of Bavaria, in the eyes of Balkan experts in London, only bears the more significant aspect on that account.

* * *

The other peace move, that being made by Germany to obtain a separate peace with Russia, looms with a fresh menace. It is impossible to overlook the fact that in Petrograd the Idealists are making much headway, and the practical men of Russia are being forced into the background. Meantime keep your eye on Rodzianko, the strong man of Russia.

* * *

In spite of the gloom of Sir Edward Carson—the most depressing public speaker of the time—there is a "good" feeling abroad concerning the submarine danger. If people are deceiving themselves when they say that the number of sunken U boats has greatly increased during the month of May, they cannot blame Sir Edward for their mistake, at any rate.

* * *

The unwritten news from the Western front is also optimistic. The men who know declare that the real value of the successes at Roeux and Bullecourt will very shortly be proved in territorial gains of quite a showy nature. The other side of the picture is reflected in the immense number of people one meets in private life who are suffering bereavement as a result of the terrific fighting of the past six weeks. It was inevitable, and losses have been proportionately light; but it has now become one of the nightmare consequences of the Great Push.

* * *

Of course, the settlement of the engineers' strike came at the last minute to justify the general cheerfulness. We have known that the situation in the manufacturing districts was a very grave one, but London had a strike of its own, and failed to realise what was happening until the dramatic action of the Government at the end of the week. This morning there were many speculations as to the probable result of this strong move, and there was general relief at the happy termination of the trouble.

* * *

The columns describing the doings of the King and Queen in the North have excited wide interest and appreciation during the week. The reticence observed for so long concerning the activities of their Majesties has created much comment, though it has been well understood that they themselves were in no way responsible for it. It was touching to see how cordially Princess Mary was greeted at Apsley House on her first independent appearance at a big function, and should have been an object-lesson to the mistaken advisers who have kept our Royal Family so much in the background.

* * *

One of the sequels to this new policy regarding the King is the announcement that the investiture of the officers and men of the Swift and Broke with their well-earned decorations is to take place in public. Such a public ceremony has not taken place during the period of this war, and an additional interest will probably be given to it by an arrangement for holding it in a public place in the open air and in daytime.

* * *

I was present during the week at a meeting held by a number of prominent representatives of overseas dominions who are at present in London. The object in meeting was to protest against what was characterised as the unfair publicity given to the exploits of Dominion troops at the front. The speakers expressed their recognition of the kindly feeling underlying this preference, but, in justice to the bravery of the British soldier, and in the interests of the real Empire bond, demanded equal publicity or equal reticence all round.

* * *

Beer and its distribution provide a question for immediate solution if the horrors of local beer famines in the near future are to be avoided. According to my information, we are to have a Beer Controller. If you notice any hints by the friends of Mr Horatio Bottomley of a speedy recognition of his abounding merits, you will know that they have this new job in their minds.

The King's Birthday, to be celebrated officially on Monday, June 4, will bring a small list of public honours, I am told. It has been whispered to me that a theatrical personage may find his name on the list and will not be so surprised as the general public if this should be the case. He was on the halls, and is now on the stage, and he has taken a stronger part in public affairs than any theatrical knights. Three cheers anyway.

* * *

Racing folk are saying that their sport will be resumed at Newmarket in the first week in June, when the substitute Derby and Oaks were to have been decided before the Government threw their bomb. Lord Crewe and Lord Rosebery, by the expression of their emphatic opinion that some racing is necessary, have undoubtedly done much to contribute to this fresh change of policy if it has yet been decided, which I cannot learn authoritatively.

* * *

I have received a circular from an organisation which has been formed to bring public opinion to bear upon the Enemy Princes Bill. The letter recalled to my mind the fact that nothing has been heard of the measure itself since Lord Lansdowne made his remarkable speech in the Lords, drenching it with cold water. Public opinion on this measure will not be difficult to rouse.

* * *

Renewed efforts are being made to induce General Smuts to accept a post of great importance outside of Africa. His speech early in the week was certainly the high-water mark of Dominion oratory in this country, and won him new admirers. I happen to know that, up to a day or two at least, he was convinced that his duty to the Empire lay in his native land. He may change his mind, but from what I know of him I should not feel inclined to think so.

* * *

I have looked in several times at the Courts during the week, and watched Mr Justice Darling conducting a case which is entirely after his own heart. I am told that wider issues than the fate of the picture in question are hanging upon the decision to be reached in this case, which is certainly fluttering the art critics as well as the dealers.

* * *

The film sensation of the week in London has certainly been the release of the pictures of the arrival of the American torpedo boats at Queenstown. There has been so much censoring of war pictures in the past that the very frankness of this film, with its revelations of the internal mechanism of a torpedo boat, have excited unwonted enthusiasm. The film has had a great reception.

* * *

The demand for soft collars, stimulated by an announcement of Captain Bathurst into something like a rush, has subsided as suddenly as it began. Service orders enforcing the use of starched linen are quoted by the laundrymen, who are also able to produce proof that the manufacture of starch on a limited scale is likely to continue

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Men who are seldom heard to express any opinion about dress are now confessing to one another the dismay they felt at the idea of losing the moral support they felt in the wearing of a clean, stiff, starched linen collar.

* * *

The advice given by Sir Albert Stanley to Londoners on the subject of coal would have been followed by the whole of suburbia if that had been possible. It is an unfortunate circumstance that his wise counsel to lay in a winter stock during the summer months cannot be followed, because orders cannot be executed. They have been pouring into the coal merchants' offices by letter, telephone, and even telegram, but at the present moment coal is as hard to buy in London as potatoes.

PAISLEY POLICE INSPECTOR HONOURED.

Paisley, Saturday.

Mr William Smith, who has been for forty years in the Paisley Burgh Police and served as sergeant, inspector, and chief detective inspector, has just been made the recipient of handsome presents from the members of the Paisley force to mark his retirement from the service. Chief Constable Duncan, who presided at the interesting function, made graceful allusion to their guest's long and esteemed connection with the force, and presented him with a gold albert, a case of pipes, and a handsome umbrella, along with an upbrella and a gold brooch for his wife. Mr Smith suitably acknowledged.

The flag day in Airdrie yesterday in aid of the Limbless Soldiers' and Sailors' Hospital realised a total sum of £101.

"FORWARD, THE SUPPORTS!"

Is the call on the Western Front when victory has been won and new positions are to be consolidated. The Scottish people are one of the main supports of the Red Cross Society, and here is a way in which everyone may help the Red Cross Funds and stand the chance of winning a substantial prize. You can do this by correctly estimating the Number of Persons who will pass through Rothesay Pier Turnstiles between 2d April and 31st May, 1917.

A Donation of 6d to the Funds of the Bute Branch of the Red Cross Society accompanying the attached coupon, may win you either of the following prizes:—

COUPON.
Rothesay Turnstiles Red Cross Subscriptions.
"Post Sunday Special."

1st Prize (exact estimate)—£20 War Savings Certificates.

2d Prize (nearest estimate)—£10 War Savings Certificates.

Five £1 Certificates for next nearest estimates.

Write on sheet of notepaper as follows:—"My estimate is ..... persons," add your name and address, and return with coupon and P.O. for 6d, addressed to "COUPON," TOWN OFFICE, ROTHESAY, before next THURSDAY, 24th May.

Any number of estimates may be sent, but each must be accompanied by P.O. for 6d.

To assist competitors it may be stated that between 2d April and 17th May 50,000 passed through the new turnstiles.

ASTOUNDING REVELATIONS OF THE WAR.

BEHIND THE GERMAN VEIL

Amazing Adventures on Eastern Front—By J. M. de Beaufort.

The writer of this series, who is a Hollander by birth, has toured through Germany without passes or permits. Armed only with a letter of introduction to Hindenburg, he bluffed his way into many places where even neutral journalists were barred, and brought back with him a budget of news concerning Germany's internal conditions.

A German trench telescope (photographed by the author on the Eastern front).

RIGHT here I should like to record my impression that one of Germany's greatest disappointments, next to her failure to reach Paris, was Russia's stubborn resistance. Much was expected from the many ramifications in Russia, which seem to be more extensive than people in other countries realise. Germany calculated, and I am sure does so still, on a separate peace with Russia.

This attitude was rather astonishing to me, because I know that the German General Staff is in closer touch with affairs in Russia than in any other belligerent country.

In Lotzen, which is in the centre of the Masurian Lake district, where heavy fighting took place last year, bright yellow posters were displayed at different corners, on the station walls, and on almost every house outside the little town. They were "Instructions to Scavengers." A list was given of the approximate rewards for arms and material found on the battlefields, and in the same breath dire threats of fines and imprisonments against all those who did not at once give up everything of military value found anywhere on the field of operations.

I must plead guilty to having been a souvenir hunter in those early days, so I collected a splendid number of relics. Alas! subsequent events in Berlin, which necessitated a somewhat hurried departure, forced me to leave the major part of my luggage behind.

In the afternoon an amusing incident took place in the public dining-room of the hotel. "The Kaiserhof" at Lotzen is a sort of half-way house for officers who are going on or returning from leave. A mud-stained young lieutenant of the reserve, straight from the trenches, dropped in at the hotel and ordered a meal.

When it came there was no bread with it. He ordered some, and was asked for his bread-ticket. Of course, not having slept in the hotel the previous night, he had none. Well, no ticket, no bread. He called for the head waiter, then for the manager, and raised a fine old rumpus. I never saw a man so mad, not even a German.

He raised heaven and earth, and swore like a regular trooper (German version). His "Himmelkreuzdonnerwetterrrrrrrrrrrr . . ." rolled through the dining-room of the dingy place like a machine gun on corrugated iron trench roofs.

"Here we are getting killed for you beastly canaille," he shouted at the landlord and his assistant, "and when we come from the trenches we can't even get a piece of bread, and this all through your damned red tape."

Now the young lieutenant, when he started the row, evidently did not know that the other half of the hotel was reserved for the officers of Hindenburg's staff. Some of them heard the noise and sent for the landlord.

When they learned about the young lieutenant, a Staff captain entered the dining-room. The reserve lieutenant swallowed the other half of his oath, jumped into position, napkin tucked under his chin, got very red, and, to all appearances, felt most uncomfortable. He behaved just like a naughty schoolboy caught red-handed by his master. And then the Staff captain had his say, and the poor lieutenant, or what was left of him, pocketed his breadless meal in silence, paid for his bill, and forthwith departed. I think of the lot he had my sympathies.

A Never-to-be-Forgotten Scene.

The name "Lotzen" will always be identified in my mind with one of the funniest scenes or pictures I have witnessed during the two years I spent wandering through the various belligerent countries.

There were about twenty officers staying in the little hotel. Fifteen of these were allowed to go to bed "im ganzen"—i.e., literally translated, "entirely," "altogether"; by meaning that they were permitted to undress fully. Of course, the majority of them profited by this permission and went to bed fairly early. (On campaign, as every officer will tell you, it is a golden rule to sleep and eat whenever you have the chance.) Having travelled the greater part of the previous night, I, of course, made my exit early. I was in bed by ten. Shortly before midnight I was awakened by a commotion in the corridor. There was a tremendous hullabaloo, running and talking. Fearing that the old ramshackle wooden structure was on fire, I quickly jumped out of bed, and clad in my pyjamas and dressing-gown, proceeded downstairs. I heard voices in the mess room, so thither I went.

When I opened the door I was almost struck dumb. If I live to be a hundred I shall never forget that sight. There were nine officers in the room, ranging in age from twenty-five to fifty, I should judge, every single one of them dressed in the classic German garment of respectability—a long night-gown. Some of them still held their burning candlesticks; three of them wore a "Schnurrbartbinde" (moustache bandage, put on at night to preserve the correct shape); two of them wore a common red and brown check flannel dressing-gown. They were all crowding round a young Staff officer, who was reading aloud a despatch from General Mackensen. The news that had aroused the Staff in such unmartial gear from their beds, was that twenty-two thousand Russians, including two Generals, had been taken prisoner somewhere or other in Poland, about one hundred miles away.

I felt very much out of it in the solitary splendour of my pyjamas; much more so did I when fully dressed. They read the despatch to me, of course, but I don't think they approved of my appearance. As the author of "Elisabeth and her German Garden" would say, they cannot understand the idea of putting on a coat and trousers on going to bed.

The picture of those nine night-gowned German officers—some of the nighties had red cross-stitch borders and little tasseled neck cords—their big ungainly feet in large felt slippers, their hair all rumpled up, the old major with the tassels of his soiled flannel dressing-gown dangling and dancing behind him, an elderly captain wearing a nightcap, the curious effect of light and shade caused by the lighted candles, and the way they were held—well, it is one of the few really bright and humorous spots on this great tragic canvas of war.

German Officers and Britain's Army.

At the Divisional Headquarters at Augustowo I was turned over to the tender care of a Captain von Schlegel, who, later on, at dinner, formally introduced me to the general. I am somewhat uncertain about the latter's name. I met so many different officers and heard so many names during my trip that it was well-nigh impossible, except in cases of special interest, to remember which was which. I believe it was General von Scholtz.

The conversation at dinner was varied enough. The topics included the cure of lice on horses, chess, and, of course, the usual shop feeling of absolute superiority. (Is this perhaps an explanation of their bitterness against the British?)

German officers have a way of talking down to you as soon as you touch on military matters, especially if you happen to come from a non-conscription country. So at every meal I was treated to many dissertations, in which the physical and moral qualities and advantages of the various nations were compared. The usual eulogies were spread thick over the German training, which was supposed to be on "spiritual" and "moral" lines!

German Cavalry in Action.

But I must admit they were a courteous lot. I think the General could easily have been persuaded to stage a little battle for my benefit on the next day. Anyhow, I was invited to ride forward into the lines, which invitation I accepted with alacrity. That visit nearly had fatal results.

For several weeks there had been intermittent fighting in and round the woods of Augustowo, north-west of Grodno. On the morning when I was to be given a nearer view of the fighting lines, there were rumours abroad that promised a fair harvest of excitement. On passing through Sopockinie, a small town some twenty miles north-west of Grodno, we received the message that a cavalry engagement was in progress in the neighbourhood of the village of Racicze, about six miles further south. My guide, a Staff captain, anxious to give me an opportunity of seeing German cavalry at work, ordered the chauffeur to open the throttle and get us to Racicze as fast as he could.

We did not have to wait long for the German cavalry. As we turned a corner we were suddenly faced, less than five hundred feet away, and on a narrow road, by half a hundred riderless horses, galloping madly towards us.

Our chauffeur, with commendable presence of mind for a German, swerved the car, and, trying to emulate the British "Schutzengrabenvernichtigungsautomobile," better known as "Tanks," essayed to negotiate a shallow ditch. But it was no go. Fortunately, we had slowed down at the corner, and that saved us. The car simply turned over on its right side, and remained in that position, but, luckily, off the road. The captain and I were thrown out, but with the exception of a thorough snow-mud bath, and a good shaking, we were none the worse for it. Not even the chauffeur received a scratch.

Simultaneously with our salto mortale the frightened horses thundered past, missing the wheels of the car only by inches. Several of them had big gaping wounds, from which the blood was streaming freely, leaving a large red trail in their wake. From several the saddles had slipped down, and were hanging underneath their bellies, the swinging stirrups hitting them in different places, and driving them still more frantic.

Later in the day I heard that the cavalry engagement had been a somewhat one-sided affair. A German squadron engaged a small detachment of Russian infantry situated about a quarter of a mile in front of a wood. The Germans charged, and ran bang into three hidden Russian machine guns. Their losses were considerable.

What a pity I missed that fight!

The captain commandeered another car, in which we returned to Sopockinie, where Brigade Headquarters were established.

His Superior Officer.

A most amusing incident interrupted our drive through Johannisburg on the Prussian Polish border. In front of a house stood a Landsturm man, a private of, I suppose, about forty-five years of age, and a young beardless lieutenant. The two seemed to be in hot argument, and suddenly the Landsturm man shook his fist in the officer's face.

My companion the captain stopped the car, called the private over to him, and bawled—"My God, man, have you lost your senses—threatening a superior officer? Do you know that you can be shot for that?" And the Landsturm man, not without jumping to attention, replied—

"At your orders, sir. He may be my superior officer, but he is also my son!"

"Flabbergasted" is the only term that described my escort's expression.

The car continued, and he was silent for quite some time.

Near Klonowice, a little bit of a village about fifteen miles north of Kutno, I visited a Russian convent. The sisters had remained and acted the good Samaritans. Every available space was taken up by cots and stretchers, and still the ambulance sleighs drove up with their loads, and filled the courtyard.

It was here that I witnessed what to me will always remain the most ghastly sight of the war. If I had not known and understood it before it would have revealed to me the German character in all its naked hideousness.

Standing in front of the little convent chapel I overlooked the surrounding country. At the foot of the hill a procession of stretcher-bearers slowly wound its way towards an emergency hospital. All of a sudden I heard the whining of a shell, and then saw it explode some five or six hundred feet away. As a second shell whistled overhead the line of stretcher-bearers stopped. As if on commando, or struck by lightning, everyone of those forty-two cowards dropped their sad loads like so many dogs, and threw themselves flat on the ground.

Some of the stretchers landed squarely, but the majority of the twenty-one—I can assure you I counted them—turned over and threw their occupants in the mud and snow. Though I was several hundred feet distant I could hear their shrieks and moans. It was ghastly, frightful. Though I had been trained in a pretty hard school—Belgium—this left me dumbfounded. I have never been so horrified in all my life. When the shell had exploded (which, by the way, never got within five hundred feet of any of them), the cowards scrambled to their feet, and one by one replaced their moaning comrades on the stretchers.

And although several doctors and officers had witnessed the incident, there was not one amongst them that went and cursed those dastardly brutes.

I think I knew then what men mean by "seeing red." I believe that I could have easily, with my bare fingers, choked the life out of those damnable cowards. It was the most frightful exhibition I had ever witnessed, and whenever people ask me nowadays what to my mind was the most horrible war scene I have been present at, I never hesitate to relate the above incident.

I turned my back on these horrors and entered the little chapel. Two nuns knelt in front of the altar, and in sweet, falsetto voices were saying their prayers. It was an oasis of peace amidst these vivid scenes of horror and frightfulness.

Atrocities.

It struck me one day that I had seen very few wounded amongst them. Oh! I do not mean slightly wounded, in the head, arm, leg, or hand—what are called "walking cases." I saw thousands of those—I mean seriously wounded. I was puzzled about this, when one day, at Mlawa, I discovered, quite by accident, the partial explanation. I was talking to a sergeant who had just come in with a batch of Russian prisoners. He expressed his disgust at those sort of jobs. He had had to march for several days across country, sleeping anywhere and feeding ditto. He preferred to be in the first-line trenches. I shall now give his words, and I am recording them almost verbatim, as I wrote them down shortly afterwards:—

"Then we had several serious cases that were beyond hope, so we had to do away with them. It is not very pleasant work. You cannot shoot them because that would be too noisy, and would attract the attention of the others." When I asked him how they did it, he replied—"Oh, we just take a long knife and cut their throats. In many of these parts we are thirty miles from a railroad. Our ambulance sleighs and carts are taxed to the utmost for the transport of our own wounded, which, of course, come first. So what is one to do? Those that cannot walk—well, we think it is better for them to be put out of their misery than to be left dying at the roadside."

Here was another pretty story. I turned away. I had to. I felt that some day I should commit manslaughter if I stayed much longer in these parts.

A Remarkable Speech.

At Prasnysh, where I spent the night, a new draft had arrived a day or two before. It was to go into the trenches the next evening at sunset. I was invited to dinner at the mess that night. General von Francois, commanding the 8th Army Corps, who had come over specially for the occasion to welcome the young officers, and at the same time give them their send-off, made one of the most remarkable speeches, even for Germany, that I have ever listened to. He said:—

"Meine Herren" ("Gentlemen"), "you have arrived at the last station of civilisation. To-morrow you will proceed towards the battlefields of Poland, and there a new set of ethics will begin for you. I am not going to ask the Lord to bless you. He veils His face behind His wide sleeve, and marvels at the petty, unworthy quarrels of us human pigmies in the big scheme of things. Daily and nightly thousands and thousands, both friends and foe, are asking Him to send them victory. To whom shall He grant it? Everyone thinks his cause is a just one. What I wish you all to-night is iron and steel in your veins and marrow.

This photo of Hindenburg was taken very recently.

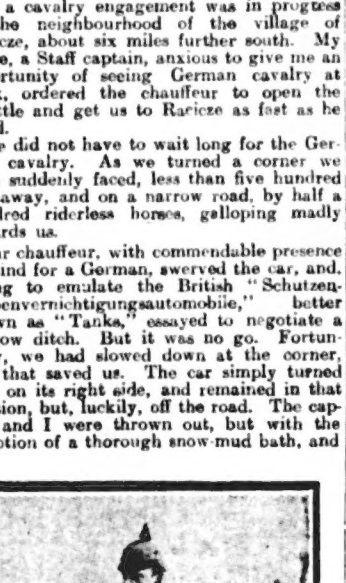
May you all return safely to your wives, children, sweethearts; to all those who are dear to you. Should this not be, then remember that you will have died the most enviable death of all—the death for the Fatherland. Your Kaiser and King is with you, leads you (sic), and when the hard-fought victory, and an honourable peace have been won, then you will gather round him, inspired, moved, proud, and kiss his dear, brave hands. The Fatherland depends on you. 'Hoch der Kaiser!'"

Thundering applause followed his speech; then they sang a song of many verses, each of them with the refrain—

"Kein schonrer Tod ist in der Welt,
Als wer vorm Feind erschlagen."
("No more beautiful death exists in all the world,
Than his who is killed before the enemy.")

What is one to do with such a nation?

NEXT WEEK—Mr De Beaufort commences his revelations of an incognito visit to the German Fleet and Germany's Naval Harbours.



This Pole was caught red-handed cutting German telegraph wires. He risked his life in his country's cause and paid the penalty. He was shot five minutes after the above picture was taken.

I WAS BALD

I was born in 1852, and, just as my photograph shows, I now have a full growth of hair. Yet thirty years ago, I found scurf upon my scalp, and my hair began to fall away until after a while I was classed as a "bald-head."

Call it vanity if you will, it was displeasing to me to remain bald. Furthermore, I believe it is our birthright to have plenty of hair upon our heads.

SEEKING A HAIR GROWTH.

It is scarcely necessary for me to state that, in the hope of growing new hair I had experimented with one thing and another—the usual array of lotions, pomades, shampoos, &c., without getting any benefit. At that age I looked older than I do now. Later when I became a trader in the Indian territory of U.S.A. some of the Cherokees jocosely called me "The White Brother without a scalp lock."

AMERICAN INDIANS NEVER BALD.

I never saw a bald Cherokee Indian. Both braves and squaws almost invariably use tobacco, eat irregularly, frequently wear tight bands around their heads, and do other things which are commonly ascribed as causes of baldness. Yet they all possess beautiful hair. What, then, is their secret? Being on the spot—most of the time at Tahlequah and upon very friendly terms—it was easy for me to gain information from usually taciturn Cherokees. I learned exactly how American Indians grow long, luxuriant hair, avoiding baldness and eliminating scurf or dandruff.

MY HAIR GREW AGAIN.

Then I applied these secrets to myself and my hair began to grow. There was no messing or trouble about it. The new hairs emanated from my scalp as profusely as grass grows on a properly kept lawn. I have had a plenitude of hair ever since.

Numerous friends of mine in Philadelphia and elsewhere asked me what had performed such a miracle, and I gave them the Indian elixir. Their hair soon grew over bald spots. Scurf disappeared wherever it existed—and it never returned. That these persons were amazed and delighted is stating the fact mildly.

The hair that grows is strong and silk-like. It has beautiful lustre and imparts the appearance of health and vigour.

I WILL SEND A TESTING PACKAGE.

It will be a pleasure for me to send, post free, a package of what I now term Britain's Indian Hair Elixir, and descriptive pamphlet circulars, &c., to any person who writes a request, and who encloses sixpence in stamps (or a P.O.) to pay a share of advertising and mailing expenses. Mention Mrs., Mr., Miss, Rev., &c., and sign name plainly. Kindly address your letter to J. HART BRITTAIN, 2, PERCY STREET (90G), LONDON, W.1. After using the testing package, when you observe that your hair is beginning to grow—even if you have been bald for years—you may obtain a further supply from me at a moderate

HIS WIFE HAD FLOWN.

SURPRISE FOR SEAMAN BACK FROM VOYAGE.

REMARKABLE STORY OF THREE MEN AT A BACK DOOR.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

When James Davidson, a ship's steward, came home from a voyage he found to his surprise that his wife and his furniture were gone.

To-day, in the Court of Session, Lord Anderson granted him decree of divorce on the ground of infidelity.

The action was at the instance of James Davidson, private in the Scottish Rifles, against Margaret M'Queen or Davidson, Mid Street, Lochgelly.

Pursuer (27) stated that he was married in September, 1900. There was one child born of the marriage. In June of 1912 pursuer went away to sea as a steward. When he came back he found the house empty. His furniture had been sold, and his wife was away.

After some considerable trouble he found her in Lumphinnans, where she was staying with a miner.

A witness stated that defender was now living in Lochgelly with the same miner, who was now in the army.

Mr W. Melvin Ross, S.S.C., agent for the pursuer, stated that when he served defender with the summons she said she wanted to be divorced, so that she could get married to the other man.

THREE MEN AT THE BACK DOOR.

A Curious Story.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

On the ground of his wife's infidelity while he was at sea, William Main, first-class petty officer in the Royal Navy, residing at Rock House, Victoria Street, Dunbar, was to-day granted decree of divorce against Edith Rose Jennings or Main, 155 High Street, Dunbar.

Pursuer (34) stated that his home was always at Dunbar, but he had been married to defender at Harwich in March, 1910, and she lived there while he was at sea. There were no children of the marriage. On his return from sea they went to stay at Dunbar. In October, 1913, pursuer again went to sea, and did not return home until April of this year. In November, 1916, he received a letter from his wife informing him she had given birth to a child. On his return he examined the register, and saw an entry there signed in his wife's handwriting.

Pursuer's father, a Dunbar fisherman of sixty-three, stated that he had seen the defender in Dunbar with a child.

On the case being called this morning the defender appeared and said she desired to make a statement. She was, she said, twenty-two years of age. She admitted that the extract certificate referred to a child to which she had given birth, but stated that she had been the victim of an assault. Answering a knock at the back door, she had found three men there, and had been taken unawares.

AN INDISPENSABLE HAWKER.

APPEALS BY MEN FORMERLY REJECTED.

Glasgow, Saturday.

At the Dumbartonshire Eastern District Appeal Tribunal to-day the case of a man who worked as a baker in Glasgow during the night and conducted an ironmongery business in the suburb during the day again came up. A married man with two children, he had been passed for C2. He was continued for substitution.

The military representative did not press for three military attendants at Woodilee Asylum. They were men who had always been medically rejected, though passed C1 now. It was stated that 67 per cent. of the attendants were on service.

A man who was unable to attend owing to his being working where others were on strike had his case continued for medical examination.

An appellant medically rejected in March last year, and now passed in Class B, asked leave to appeal to the Central Medical Board. He suffered from heart disease and rheumatics. Leave to appeal was granted.

Conditional exemption was granted a wholesale and retail fruit and fish hawker, a member of the Tribunal stating that a man serving 700 to 800 people daily was of more use than a man who sold from a shop.

WOMEN'S PART IN AFTER-WAR PROBLEMS.

Co.-Op. Conference at Greenock.

Greenock, Saturday.

The Scottish Co-Operative Women's Guild held their annual meeting in Greenock Town Hall to-day.

Upwards of 600 delegates attended, and were welcomed by Mr Alexander Macdonald, president of the local society. The war, he said, had demonstrated the important part women could play in the affairs of the nation, and he believed that when peace came they would be found capable of giving valuable assistance in the solution of many of the problems which would arise.

Mrs Tulloch, president of the Guild, presided over the conference, and among the subjects dealt with were the excess profits tax and adequate pensions for discharged sailors and soldiers.

NURSE AWARDED £60 DAMAGES

FOR BREACH OF PROMISE AGAINST CLERK.

Defender Who Wrote Poetry.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

Judgment was given to-day by Lord Ormidale in the Court of Session in the action for breach of promise by Jeanie Smith Crawford, V.A.D. nurse, against Robert Ewing Macgregor, clerk, Shandon Villa, Jamestown, in which the pursuer claimed £250 damages.

Pursuer (26), who wore the uniform of the V.A.D., said she got to know the defender when she was fifteen. Their acquaintance continued for a number of years, and then she went to Canada after her father's death. Defender wrote to her regularly, and sent little bits of poetry, and they became engaged in June, 1915, and the defender gave her a diamond ring. They were to be married at the following Christmas, but owing to the defender's illness it was put off for six months.

The wedding was then fixed for June, 1916, but was again put off on account of the Government disarranging the holidays.

In cross-examination the pursuer said, while they did not go to the same church, she asisted the defender, who was an organist, in arranging his choir practices. One of the postcards defender sent her had the following snatch of poetry:—

If a body write a body,
Gettin' no reply;
May a body spier a body
For the reason why?

Defender (25) admitted that he became engaged to the pursuer in June, 1915, and at her request he gave her a ring for her birthday. He made her a stipulation that he would not get married till after the war, or until his position improved. His position at that time did not justify him in marrying, and his present wage was £2 10s per week, plus five shillings war bonus.

Defender did not break off the engagement, and he invited pursuer to go with him to the "pictures," but subsequently she wrote him a letter in which he understood she determined to break off the engagement.

His Lordship held that it was the defender who had broken the engagement. His Lordship had grave doubt as to whether the defender was not perfectly glad that he was able to bring the engagement to a conclusion. He thought that defender's attitude towards the girl indicated that very strongly. It was not, however, a case in which a heavy award of damages could be given. His Lordship assessed damages at £60.

ABERDEEN MINISTER HONOURED.

This Aberdeen minister has gained the Military Cross for gallantry in action during the recent advance. Lieut. James D. Robertson, of the Gordon Highlanders, is the son of Mr and Mrs James Robertson, Whitehall Place, Aberdeen. He comes of a patriotic family. The lieutenant started life as a compositor.

CLYDE COAST SEASON.

Effect of Unfounded Rumours.

Dunoon, Saturday.

The season so far as it has gone has resulted disastrously to the coast resorts, and especially to those people who make a living by house-letting. Inquiries go to show that very little letting has taken place this month, while the lets for the following months are also not up to last year. There is, of course, increased fares to contend with, and the stoppage of the Broomielaw sailings, but these would not account for the slump in the letting. The cause is principally to be found in the crop of silly and unfounded rumours which seem to be quite prevalent in the Glasgow area.

From letters received from people making inquiries regarding rooms, and the possibility of getting to Dunoon or Rothesay, it seems that these have taken for fact many stories of submarines, dislocation of traffic, but principally of food shortage reducing the people of these resorts almost to starvation. All the rumours are without the least foundation.

It is difficult to understand the origin of the rumours, but they nevertheless have had a serious effect on the coast resorts in Bute and Argyll.

FATAL TRAMCAR ACCIDENT AT PARTICK.

Partick, Saturday Night.

This afternoon, while David Brown, seventy-four years of age, residing at 40 Hyndland Street, was crossing from the south side to the north side of Dumbarton Road, near Thornwood Avenue, he was struck and knocked down by a tramway car. He was removed in an ambulance to the Western Infirmary, where he was found to be suffering from a scalp wound and an injury to the right hip. Later in the afternoon he succumbed to his injuries.

SUFFERINGS OF A V.C.

PATHETIC PLIGHT OF SCOTTISH HERO.

PRIVATE GEO. WILSON'S "REWARD."

BY AN EDINBURGH MINISTER.

(Exclusive to "The Post Sunday Special.")

Edinburgh, Saturday.

Scotland's first V.C., Private George Wilson, the Edinburgh newspaper vendor, is completely broken in health, and is at present lying in a city hospital suffering from the effects of his soldiering campaign.

And a liberal-hearted Government advances him with one hand a pension calculated to cover all consequences, but with the other hand extracts from him a shilling per day while he is in hospital—lest, presumably, he should be overborne with too much wealth!

A civilian, suffering through the result of his own folly, may find himself in an infirmary, receiving the best attention and skill, without money and without price. Not so the soldier who has been maimed or depleted in health through his grim struggle with the most ruthless enemy British soldiers have ever faced. The pensioner must pay out of his comparative poverty a shilling per day for hospital treatment.

A Marvellous Achievement.

This is the reward meted out to the man who performed what has been described as a crowning achievement of splendid heroism and "reckless bravery." In his simple way he told me that when he saw how his comrades were being mowed down he could not stand it longer, and said to the officer commanding—"I must go over and try to stop it. What does it matter though I do not come back; I have neither wife nor bairns." The officer tried to restrain him, but Wilson could not be restrained. "It matters little about me," he said. "I have nothing great to live for."

With rifle and bayonet he went over and sent two of the German gunners to their long home, and captured other eight and brought them into our lines. But the machine gun still continuing in action, Wilson returned to the deathly struggle, and sent other six Germans west, while an officer who tried to shoot him with his revolver was compelled to taste the cold steel of the bayonet. Then Wilson carried the machine gun into our lines amid the cheers of his comrades.

"It made me feel that I had lived to some purpose," said the hero, "when I was thus able to earn the grateful thanks of my comrades."

Pte. George Wilson continued in the trenches until February, 1915, when he was wounded by shrapnel in one of his legs, but this was not all. Rheumatics overtook him and added to his sufferings. He was brought to Blighty and was soon restored to health. We find him again engaged in the battle of Loos on the 25th September, 1915, but on that day he was gassed, and still suffers from its effects. He was discharged from the army on the 6th of July, 1916.

A Pathetic Story.

The story of his life since then is most interesting, yet very pathetic. He told me that after a few months rest there came to him the longing to sell his papers at his old stand—the Hangman's Corner. We find Wilson for a short time engaged in his old calling. The heroic deeds of valour on the battlefield awakened the sympathy of many of our citizens, and some thought that our first V.C. might receive better employment, and so after a short time the Corporation took the matter in hand.

Wilson was then admitted into the Polton Farm Colony, Lasswade, not as a guest but as a boarding workman, with a salary of 10s per week less 4d for insurance. Private Wilson affirms that the food and comfort of the institution are all that one could desire, but the work and discipline too rigorous. It was his daily duty to drive a horse and cart to the city for foodstuff for pig-feeding.

"Ah!" he said, "it was no joke going along the ice-bound road and facing a cold, biting wind in the morning, then loading the cart with broke and refuse from some of the bakeries, carrying on one's back bags weighing from 1½ cwts. to 2½ cwts., and oftentimes the strain of carrying such weight caused bleeding and vomiting of blood."

It is little wonder that our hero could only remain three months at Polton Farm. We can picture him in the cold, frosty mornings shivering and drawn up in the cart, he who could not be overcome while facing the dread enemy, completely broken down with the treatment.

After leaving the Polton Farm Colony he found work in a comb factory. The work there was fairly light, but the dust and confinement told severely upon him. He is now in a local military hospital suffering from the effects of the gas, and a kindly Government takes 1s per day from his all-too-meagre allowance. This is how we treat our heroic V.C.'s.

It is time that the public demanded better treatment for those who have made such splendid sacrifices, and who have risked so much in their fight for freedom, liberty, and righteousness

FALKIRK EX-COUNCILLOR INJURED.

Falkirk, Saturday.

A former Falkirk Councillor, Mr W. W. Miskimmin, who resigned his position both as a member of the School Board and as a Town Councillor two months ago to join the army, has been accidentally injured, and is lying in an hospital in France. Mr Miskimmin is a corporal in the Royal Marines, and while superintending certain operations on board ship he fell into the hold of the vessel and sustained injuries which necessitated his removal to a naval hospital, where he has been for the last three weeks.

THE INNER CIRCLE.

Foxy Ferdinand's Peace Journey: The End of the Strike: Mystery of Enemy Princes' Bill: The Beer Controller.

EXCLUSIVELY CONTRIBUTED

(BY "POST" SPECIAL WIRE).

London, Saturday Night.

THE sensation of the week in peace talk has been the visit of Ferdinand of Bulgaria to Munich. In the Bavarian capital, it must be remembered, are centred the hopes of bringing about a peace through the agency of the Pope, a movement in which the Emperor Charles and his clever consort have played a prominent part.

* * *

Ferdinand, of course, came into the utmost disrepute with the Holy See by insisting upon the apostasy of his heir in spite of the objection of the boy's mother, a Parma Princess, and a most devout Catholic. His visit to the King of Bavaria, in the eyes of Balkan experts in London, only bears the more significant aspect on that account.

* * *

The other peace move, that being made by Germany to obtain a separate peace with Russia, looms with a fresh menace. It is impossible to overlook the fact that in Petrograd the Idealists are making much headway, and the practical men of Russia are being forced into the background. Meantime keep your eye on Rodzianko, the strong man of Russia.

* * *

In spite of the gloom of Sir Edward Carson—the most depressing public speaker of the time—there is a "good" feeling abroad concerning the submarine danger. If people are deceiving themselves when they say that the number of sunken U boats has greatly increased during the month of May, they cannot blame Sir Edward for their mistake, at any rate.

* * *

The unwritten news from the Western front is also optimistic. The men who know declare that the real value of the successes at Roeux and Bullecourt will very shortly be proved in territorial gains of quite a showy nature. The other side of the picture is reflected in the immense number of people one meets in private life who are suffering bereavement as a result of the terrific fighting of the past six weeks. It was inevitable, and losses have been proportionately light; but it has now become one of the nightmare consequences of the Great Push.

* * *

Of course, the settlement of the engineers' strike came at the last minute to justify the general cheerfulness. We have known that the situation in the manufacturing districts was a very grave one, but London had a strike of its own, and failed to realise what was happening until the dramatic action of the Government at the end of the week. This morning there were many speculations as to the probable result of this strong move, and there was general relief at the happy termination of the trouble.

* * *

The columns describing the doings of the King and Queen in the North have excited wide interest and appreciation during the week. The reticence observed for so long concerning the activities of their Majesties has created much comment, though it has been well understood that they themselves were in no way responsible for it. It was touching to see how cordially Princess Mary was greeted at Apsley House on her first independent appearance at a big function, and should have been an object-lesson to the mistaken advisers who have kept our Royal Family so much in the background.

* * *

One of the sequels to this new policy regarding the King is the announcement that the investiture of the officers and men of the Swift and Broke with their well-earned decorations is to take place in public. Such a public ceremony has not taken place during the period of this war, and an additional interest will probably be given to it by an arrangement for holding it in a public place in the open air and in daytime.

* * *

I was present during the week at a meeting held by a number of prominent representatives of overseas dominions who are at present in London. The object in meeting was to protest against what was characterised as the unfair publicity given to the exploits of Dominion troops at the front. The speakers expressed their recognition of the kindly feeling underlying this preference, but, in justice to the bravery of the British soldier, and in the interests of the real Empire bond, demanded equal publicity or equal reticence all round.

* * *

Beer and its distribution provide a question for immediate solution if the horrors of local beer famines in the near future are to be avoided. According to my information, we are to have a Beer Controller. If you notice any hints by the friends of Mr Horatio Bottomley of a speedy recognition of his abounding merits, you will know that they have this new job in their minds.

The King's Birthday, to be celebrated officially on Monday, June 4, will bring a small list of public honours, I am told. It has been whispered to me that a theatrical personage may find his name on the list, and will not be so surprised as the general public if this should be the case. He was on the halls, and is now on the stage, and he has taken a stronger part in public affairs than any theatrical knights. Three cheers, anyway.

* * *

Racing folk are saying that their sport will be resumed at Newmarket in the first week in June, when the substitute Derby and Oaks were to have been decided before the Government threw their bomb. Lord Crewe and Lord Rosebery, by the expression of their emphatic opinion that some racing is necessary, have undoubtedly done much to contribute to this fresh change of policy if it has yet been decided, which I cannot learn authoritatively.

* * *

I have received a circular from an organisation which has been formed to bring public opinion to bear upon the Enemy Princes Bill. The letter recalled to my mind the fact that nothing has been heard of the measure itself since Lord Lansdowne made his remarkable speech in the Lords, drenching it with cold water. Public opinion on this measure will not be difficult to rouse.

* * *

Renewed efforts are being made to induce General Smuts to accept a post of great importance outside of Africa. His speech early in the week was certainly the high-water mark of Dominion oratory in this country, and won him new admirers. I happen to know that, up to a day or two at least, he was convinced that his duty to the Empire lay in his native land. He may change his mind, but from what I know of him I should not feel inclined to think so.

* * *

I have looked in several times at the Courts during the week, and watched Mr Justice Darling conducting a case which is entirely after his own heart. I am told that wider issues than the fate of the picture in question are hanging upon the decision to be reached in this case, which is certainly fluttering the art critics as well as the dealers.

* * *

The film sensation of the week in London has certainly been the release of the pictures of the arrival of the American torpedo boats at Queenstown. There has been so much censoring of war pictures in the past that the very frankness of this film, with its revelations of the internal mechanism of a torpedo boat, have excited unwonted enthusiasm. The film has had a great reception.

* * *

The demand for soft collars, stimulated by an announcement of Captain Bathurst into something like a rush, has subsided as suddenly as it began. Service orders enforcing the use of starched linen are quoted by the laundrymen, who are also able to produce proof that the manufacture of starch on a limited scale is likely to continue

* * *

Men who are seldom heard to express any opinion about dress are now confessing to one another the dismay they felt at the idea of losing the moral support they felt in the wearing of a clean, stiff, starched linen collar.

* * *

The advice given by Sir Albert Stanley to Londoners on the subject of coal would have been followed by the whole of suburbia if that had been possible. It is an unfortunate circumstance that his wise counsel to lay in a winter stock during the summer months cannot be followed, because orders cannot be executed. They have been pouring into the coal merchants' offices by letter, telephone, and even telegram, but at the present moment coal is as hard to buy in London as potatoes.

PAISLEY POLICE INSPECTOR HONOURED.

Paisley, Saturday.

Mr William Smith, who has been for forty years in the Paisley Burgh Police, and served as sergeant, inspector, and chief detective inspector, has just been made the recipient of handsome presents from the members of the Paisley force to mark his retirement from the service. Chief Constable Duncan, who presided at the interesting function, made graceful allusion to their guest's long and esteemed connection with the force, and presented him with a gold albert, a case of pipes, and a handsome umbrella, along with an upbrella and a gold brooch for his wife. Mr Smith suitably acknowledged.

The flag day in Airdrie yesterday in aid of the Limbless Soldiers' and Sailors' Hospital realised a total sum of £101.

"FORWARD, THE SUPPORTS!"

Is the call on the Western Front when victory has been won and new positions are to be consolidated. The Scottish people are one of the main supports of the Red Cross Society, and here is a way in which everyone may help the Red Cross Funds and stand the chance of winning a substantial prize. You can do this by correctly estimating the Number of Persons who will pass through Rothesay Pier Turnstiles between 2d April and 31st May, 1917.

A Donation of 6d to the Funds of the Bute Branch of the Red Cross Society accompanying the attached coupon, may win you either of the following prizes:—

COUPON.
Rothesay Turnstiles Red Cross Subscriptions.
"Post Sunday Special."

1st Prize (exact estimate)—£20 War Savings Certificates.

2d Prize (nearest estimate)—£10 War Savings Certificates.

Five £1 Certificates for next nearest estimates.

Write on sheet of notepaper as follows:—"My estimate is ..... persons," add your name and address, and return with coupon and P.O. for 6d, addressed to "COUPON," TOWN CLERK'S OFFICE, ROTHESAY, before next THURSDAY, 24th May.

Any number of estimates may be sent, but each must be accompanied by P.O. for 6d.

To assist competitors it may be stated that between 2d April and 17th May 50,000 passed through the new turnstiles.

ASTOUNDING REVELATIONS OF THE WAR.

BEHIND THE GERMAN VEIL

Amazing Adventures on Eastern Front—By J. M. de Beaufort.

The writer of this series, who is a Hollander by birth, has toured through Germany without passes or permits. Armed only with a letter of introduction to Hindenburg, he bluffed his way into many places where even neutral journalists were barred, and brought back with him a budget of news concerning Germany's internal conditions.

A German trench telescope (photographed by the author on the Eastern front).

RIGHT here I should like to record my impression that one of Germany's greatest disappointments, next to her failure to reach Paris, was Russia's stubborn resistance. Much was expected from the many ramifications in Russia, which seem to be more extensive than people in other countries realise. Germany calculated, and I am sure does so still, on a separate peace with Russia.

This attitude was rather astonishing to me, because I know that the German General Staff is in closer touch with affairs in Russia than in any other belligerent country.

In Lotzen, which is in the centre of the Masurian Lake district, where heavy fighting took place last year, bright yellow posters were displayed at different corners, on the station walls, and on almost every house outside the little town. They were "Instructions to Scavengers." A list was given of the approximate rewards for arms and material found on the battlefields, and in the same breath dire threats of fines and imprisonments against all those who did not at once give up everything of military value found anywhere on the field of operations.

I must plead guilty to having been a souvenir hunter in those early days, so I collected a splendid number of relics. Alas! subsequent events in Berlin, which necessitated a somewhat hurried departure, forced me to leave the major part of my luggage behind.

In the afternoon an amusing incident took place in the public dining-room of the hotel. "The Kaiserhof" at Lotzen is a sort of half-way house for officers who are going on or returning from leave. A mud-stained young lieutenant of the reserve, straight from the trenches, dropped in at the hotel and ordered a meal.

When it came there was no bread with it. He ordered some, and was asked for his bread-ticket. Of course, not having slept in the hotel the previous night, he had none. Well, no ticket, no bread. He called for the head waiter, then for the manager, and raised a fine old rumpus. I never saw a man so mad, not even a German.

He raised heaven and earth, and swore like a regular trooper (German version). His "Himmelkreuzdonnerwetterrrrrrrrrrrs . . ." rolled through the dining-room of the dingy place like a machine gun on corrugated iron trench roofs.

"Here we are getting killed for you beastly canaille," he shouted at the landlord and his assistant, "and when we come from the trenches we can't even get a piece of bread, and this all through your damned red tape."

Now the young lieutenant, when he started the row, evidently did not know that the other half of the hotel was reserved for the officers of Hindenburg's staff. Some of them heard the noise and sent for the landlord.

When they learned about the young lieutenant, a Staff captain entered the dining-room. The reserve lieutenant swallowed the other half of his oath, jumped into position, napkin tucked under his chin, got very red, and, to all appearances, felt most uncomfortable. He behaved just like a naughty schoolboy caught red-handed by his master. And then the Staff captain had his say, and the poor lieutenant, or what was left of him, continued his breadless meal in silence, paid for his bill, and forthwith departed. I think of the lot he had my sympathies.

A Never-to-be-Forgotten Scene.

The name "Lotzen" will always be identified in my mind with one of the funniest scenes pictures I have witnessed during the two years I spent wandering through the various belligerent countries.

There were about twenty officers staying in the little hotel. Fifteen of these were allowed to go to bed "im ganzen"—i.e., literally translated, "entirely," "altogether"; only meaning that they were permitted to undress fully. Of course, the majority of us profited by this permission and went to bed fairly early. (On campaign, as every officer will tell you, it is a golden rule to sleep and eat whenever you have the chance.) Having travelled the greater part of the previous night, I, of course, made my exit early. I was in bed by ten. Shortly before midnight I was awakened by a commotion in the corridor. There was a tremendous hullabaloo, running and talking. Fearing that the old ramshackle wooden structure was on fire, I quickly jumped out of bed, and clad in my pyjamas and dressing-gown, proceeded downstairs. I heard voices in the mess room, so thither I went.

When I opened the door I was almost struck dumb. If I live to be a hundred I shall never forget that sight. There were nine officers in the room, ranging in age from twenty-five to fifty, I should judge, every single one of them dressed in the classic German garment of respectability—a long night-gown. Some of them still held their burning candlesticks; three of them wore a "Schnurrbartbinde" (moustache bandage, put on at night to preserve the correct shape); two of them wore a common red and brown check flannel dressing-gown. They were all crowding round a young Staff officer, who was reading aloud a despatch from General Mackensen. The news that had aroused the Staff in such unmartial gear from their beds, was that twenty-two thousand Russians, including two Generals, had been taken prisoner somewhere or other in Poland, about one hundred miles away.

I felt very much out of it in the solitary splendour of my pyjamas; much more so did I when fully dressed. They read the despatch to me, of course, but I don't think they approved of my appearance. As the author of "Elisabeth and her German Garden" would say, they cannot understand the idea of putting on a coat and trousers on going to bed

The picture of those nine night-gowned German officers—some of the nighties had red cross-stitch borders and little tasseled neck cords—their big ungainly feet in large felt slippers, their hair all rumpled up, the old major with the tassels of his soiled flannel dressing-gown dangling and dancing behind him, an elderly captain wearing a nightcap, the curious effect of light and shade caused by the lighted candles, and the way they were held—well, it is one of the few really bright and humorous spots on this great tragic canvas of war.

German Officers and Britain's Army.

At the Divisional Headquarters at Augustowo I was turned over to the tender care of a Captain von Schlegel, who, later on, at dinner, formally introduced me to the general. I am somewhat uncertain about the latter's name. I met so many different officers and heard so many names during my trip that it was well-nigh impossible, except in cases of special interest, to remember which was which. I believe it was General von Scholtz.

The conversation at dinner was varied enough. The topics included the cure of lice on horses, chess, and, of course, the usual shop

This Pole was caught red-handed cutting German telegraph wires. He risked his life in his country's cause and paid the penalty. He was shot five minutes after the above picture was taken.

Several of the officers present had been at the Western front, and I carefully led the subject on to the "contemptible little army." I must tell you that I never yet met a German officer who admits that that expression was ever used by the Emperor. On the contrary, they all positively deny it. They maintained that he used the word "Armeechen," which, translated literally, means "little army." They said that the Kaiser, just as every German Staff officer, knew too much about the British physique. That Britain was sometimes looked upon as a large aggregation of rifle clubs, and, anyhow, of sportsmen. But whenever they say something nice about the British there is always a "but." What Hindenburg said about the difficulties of training sufficient officers and N.C.O.'s for such an army was repeated whenever the subject was broached.

The German Staff officer thinks that Germany has a monopoly of miltary organisation. They are quite convinced that because it has taken them something like eighty years to organise their army other countries will need just as long, probably longer.

I wonder what they are thinking about "Kitchener's Army" now? They granted that the British were excellent fighters. I never met a German officer who spoke otherwise

It was admitted that, taken all in all, the Russians conducted their warfare decently; that after the first month of hostilities very few excesses had been reported. There is little hatred at the Eastern front, but in its stead one meets everywhere that cocksure feeling of absolute superiority. (Is this perhaps an explanation of their bitterness against the British?)

German officers have a way of talking down to you as soon as you touch on military matters, especially if you happen to come from a non-conscription country. So at every meal I was treated to many dissertations, in which the physical and moral qualities and advantages of the various nations were compared. The usual eulogies were spread thick over the German training, which was supposed to be on "spiritual" and "moral" lines!

German Cavalry in Action.

But I must admit they were a courteous lot. I think the General could easily have been persuaded to stage a little battle for my benefit on the next day. Anyhow, I was invited to ride forward into the lines, which invitation I accepted with alacrity. That visit nearly had fatal results.

For several weeks there had been intermittent fighting in and round the woods of Augustowo, north-west of Grodno. On the morning when I was to be given a nearer view of the fighting lines, there were rumours abroad that promised a fair harvest of excitement. On passing through Sopockinie, a small town some twenty miles north-west of Grodno, we received the message that a cavalry engagement was in progress in the neighbourhood of the village of Racicze, about six miles further south. My guide, a Staff captain, anxious to give me an opportunity of seeing German cavalry at work, ordered the chauffeur to open the throttle and get us to Racicze as fast as he could.

We did not have to wait long for the German cavalry. As we turned a corner we were suddenly faced, less than five hundred feet away, and on a narrow road, by half a hundred riderless horses, galloping madly towards us.

Our chauffeur, with commendable presence of mind for a German, swerved the car, and, trying to emulate the British "Schutzengrabenvernichtigungsautomobile," better known as "Tanks," essayed to negotiate a shallow ditch. But it was no go. Fortunately, we had slowed down at the corner, and that saved us. The car simply turned over on its right side, and remained in that position, but, luckily, off the road. The captain and I were thrown out, but with the exception of a thorough snow-mud bath, and a good shaking, we were none the worse for it. Not even the chauffeur received a scratch.

Simultaneously with our salto mortale the frightened horses thundered past, missing the wheels of the car only by inches. Several of them had big gaping wounds, from which the blood was streaming freely, leaving a large red trail in their wake. From several the saddles had slipped down, and were hanging underneath their bellies, the swinging stirrups hitting them in different places, and driving them still more frantic.

Later in the day I heard that the cavalry engagement had been a somewhat one-sided affair. A German squadron engaged a small detachment of Russian infantry situated about a quarter of a mile in front of a wood. The Germans charged, and ran bang into three hidden Russian machine guns. Their losses were considerable.

What a pity I missed that fight!

The captain commandeered another car, in which we returned to Sopockinie, where Brigade Headquarters were established.

His Superior Officer.

A most amusing incident interrupted our drive through Johannisburg on the Prussian Polish border. In front of a house stood a Landsturm man, a private of, I suppose, about forty-five years of age, and a young beardless lieutenant. The two seemed to be in hot argument, and suddenly the Landsturm man shook his fist in the officer's face.

My companion the captain stopped the car, called the private over to him, and bawled—"My God, man, have you lost your senses—threatening a superior officer? Do you know that you can be shot for that?" And the Landsturm man, not without jumping to attention, replied—

"At your orders, sir. He may be my superior officer, but he is also my son!"

"Flabbergasted" is the only term that described my escort's expression.

The car continued, and he was silent for quite some time.

Near Klonowice, a little bit of a village about fifteen miles north of Kutno, I visited a Russian convent. The sisters had remained and acted the good Samaritans. Every available space was taken up by cots and stretchers, and still the ambulance sleighs drove up with their loads, and filled the courtyard.

It was here that I witnessed what to me will always remain the most ghastly sight of the war. If I had not known and understood it before it would have revealed to me the German character in all its naked hideousness.

Standing in front of the little convent chapel I overlooked the surrounding country. At the foot of the hill a procession of stretcher-bearers slowly wound its way towards an emergency hospital. All of a sudden I heard the whining of a shell, and then saw it explode some five or six hundred feet away. As a second shell whistled overhead the line of stretcher-bearers stopped. As if on commando, or struck by lightning, everyone of those forty-two cowards dropped their sad loads like so many dogs, and threw themselves flat on the ground.

Some of the stretchers landed squarely, but the majority of the twenty-one—I can assure you I counted them—turned over and threw their occupants in the mud and snow. Though I was several hundred feet distant I could hear their shrieks and moans. It was ghastly, frightful. Though I had been trained in a pretty hard school—Belgium—this left me dumbfounded. I have never been so horrified in all my life. When the shell had exploded (which, by the way, never got within five hundred feet of any of them), the cowards scrambled to their feet, and one by one replaced their moaning comrades on the stretchers.

And although several doctors and officers had witnessed the incident, there was not one amongst them that went and cursed those dastardly brutes.

I think I knew then what men mean by "seeing red." I believe that I could have easily, with my bare fingers, choked the life out of those damnable cowards. It was the most frightful exhibition I had ever witnessed, and whenever people ask me nowadays what to my mind was the most horrible war scene I have been present at, I never hesitate to relate the above incident.

I turned my back on these horrors and entered the little chapel. Two nuns knelt in front of the altar, and in sweet, falsetto voices were saying their prayers. It was an oasis of peace amidst these vivid scenes of horror and frightfulness.

Atrocities.

It struck me one day that I had seen very few wounded amongst them. Oh! I do not mean slightly wounded, in the head, arm, leg, or hand—what are called "walking cases." I saw thousands of those—I mean seriously wounded. I was puzzled about this, when one day, at Mlawa, I discovered, quite by accident, the partial explanation. I was talking to a sergeant who had just come in with a batch of Russian prisoners. He expressed his disgust at those sort of jobs. He had had to march for several days across country, sleeping anywhere and feeding ditto. He preferred to be in the first-line trenches. I shall now give his words, and I am recording them almost verbatim, as I wrote them down shortly afterwards:—

"Then we had several serious cases that were beyond hope, so we had to do away with them. It is not very pleasant work. You cannot shoot them because that would be too noisy, and would attract the attention of the others." When I asked him how they did it, he replied—"Oh, we just take a long knife and cut their throats. In many of these parts we are thirty miles from a railroad. Our ambulance sleighs and carts are taxed to the utmost for the transport of our own wounded, which, of course, come first. So what is one to do? Those that cannot walk—well, we think it is better for them to be put out of their misery than to be left dying at the roadside."

Here was another pretty story. I turned away. I had to. I felt that some day I should commit manslaughter if I stayed much longer in these parts.

A Remarkable Speech.

At Prasnysh, where I spent the night, a new draft had arrived a day or two before. It was to go into the trenches the next evening at sunset. I was invited to dinner at the mess that night. General von Francois, commanding the 8th Army Corps, who had come over specially for the occasion to welcome the young officers, and at the same time give them their send-off, made one of the most remarkable speeches, even for Germany, that I have ever listened to. He said:—

"Meine Herren" ("Gentlemen"), "you have arrived at the last station of civilisation. To-morrow you will proceed towards the battlefields of Poland, and there a new set of ethics will begin for you. I am not going to ask the Lord to bless you. He veils His face behind His wide sleeve, and marvels at the petty, unworthy quarrels of us human pigmies in the big scheme of things. Daily and nightly thousands and thousands, both friends and foe, are asking Him to send them victory. To whom shall He grant it? Everyone thinks his cause is a just one. What I wish you all to-night is iron and steel in your veins and marrow.

This photo of Hindenburg was taken very recently.

May you all return safely to your wives, children, sweethearts; to all those who are dear to you. Should this not be, then remember that you will have died the most enviable death of all—the death for the Fatherland. Your Kaiser and King is with you, leads you (sic), and when the hard-fought victory, and an honourable peace have been won, then you will gather round him, inspired, moved, proud, and kiss his dear, brave hands. The Fatherland depends on you. 'Hoch der Kaiser!'"

Thundering applause followed his speech; then they sang a song of many verses, each of them with the refrain—

"Kein schonrer Tod ist in der Welt,
Als wer vorm Feind erschlagen."
("No more beautiful death exists in all the world,
Than his who is killed before the enemy.")

What is one to do with such a nation?

NEXT WEEK—Mr De Beaufort commences his revelations of an incognito visit to the German Fleet and Germany's Naval Harbours.

I WAS BALD

I was born in 1852, and, just as my photograph shows, I now have a full growth of hair. Yet thirty years ago, I found scurf upon my scalp, and my hair began to fall away until after a while I was classed as a "bald-head."

Call it vanity if you will, it was displeasing to me to remain bald. Furthermore, I believe it is our birthright to have plenty of hair upon our heads.

SEEKING A HAIR GROWTH.

It is scarcely necessary for me to state that, in the hope of growing new hair I had experimented with one thing and another—the usual array of lotions, pomades, shampoos, &c., without getting any benefit. At that age I looked older than I do now. Later when I became a trader in the Indian territory of U.S.A., some of the Cherokees jocosely called me "The White Brother without a scalp lock."

AMERICAN INDIANS NEVER BALD.

I never saw a bald Cherokee Indian. Both braves and squaws almost invariably use tobacco, eat irregularly, frequently wear tight bands around their heads, and do other things which are commonly ascribed as causes of baldness. Yet they all possess beautiful hair. What, then, is their secret? Being on the spot—most of the time at Tahlequah and upon very friendly terms—it was easy for me to gain information from usually taciturn Cherokees. I learned exactly how American Indians grow long, luxuriant hair, avoiding baldness and eliminating scurf or dandruff.

MY HAIR GREW AGAIN.

Then I applied these secrets to myself and my hair began to grow. There was no messing or trouble about it. The new hairs emanated from my scalp as profusely as grass grows on a properly kept lawn. I have had a plenitude of hair ever since.

Numerous friends of mine in Philadelphia and elsewhere asked me what had performed such a miracle, and I gave them the Indian elixir. Their hair soon grew over bald spots. Scurf disappeared wherever it existed—and it never returned. That these persons were amazed and delighted is stating the fact mildly.

The hair that grows is strong and silk-like. It has beautiful lustre and imparts the appearance of health and vigour.

I WILL SEND A TESTING PACKAGE.

It will be a pleasure for me to send, post free, a package of what I now term Brittain's Indian Hair Elixir, and descriptive pamphlet, circulars, &c., to any person who writes a request, and who encloses sixpence in stamps (or a P.O.) to pay a share of advertising and mailing expenses. Mention Mrs., Mr., Miss, Rev., &c., and sign name plainly. Kindly address your letter to J. HART BRITTAIN, 2, PERCY-STREET (90G), LONDON, W.1. After using the testing package, when you observe that your hair is beginning to grow—even if you have been bald for years—you may obtain a further supply from me at a moderate

LATEST FROM LONDON.

PROSPECTS OF NEW RUSSIAN CABINET.

AN ELEVENTH-HOUR ASPIRATION.

(By "Post" Special Wire.)

London, Saturday Night.

IT is good news that the Russian Ministry has at last been definitely formed, and, judging by the reports from Petrograd, it possesses the essential quality of solidarity.

If all goes well, Russia may yet succeed in making her influence felt on the Eastern front before the summer comes to a close, though it would be idle to shut our eyes to the fact that recent incidents must have very gravely prejudiced military preparations. Whether this will have any material influence on the duration of the war it is impossible to say.

It is evident that we cannot expect much assistance from America, in the military sense, before next year, though Mr Balfour's mission is producing more immediate co-operation in other directions than we could legitimately hope or expect.

There is a growing belief, by the way, that Mr Balfour's conversations with President Wilson will produce results which will last long after the termination of the war. Undertaken in the first instance with the object of securing unity in our naval and military plans, the Foreign Secretary's visit to the United States may be destined to prove a landmark in the history of the world.

The Coming Irish Debate.

If there is no motion for its postponement, the Irish debate on Monday threatens to be handicapped by the inability of the Ulster members definitely to accept the convention plan pending consultation with their friends in Belfast.

Everyone is proceeding on the assumption, however, that after Lord Middleton's acceptance of a convention on behalf of the Unionists in the south and west, Ulster will not bar the way. If this view is accepted, the discussion in the House of Commons will turn mainly on the procedure to be adopted. There will be many points of detail to be settled.

The War Cabinet itself, I believe, has not fully considered the course that should be pursued. Indeed, the very idea of a convention appears to have been an eleventh-hour inspiration, and was only put into Mr Lloyd George's letter on the day of its actual despatch to the Irish leaders.

Germany's Straits.

Evidence accumulates that Germany is really suffering seriously from the shortage of lubricants. The hopes founded on the possession of the Roumanian oil fields have to a great degree failed to materialise, thanks to the thoroughness with which the works were destroyed before the Roumanians were forced to retreat.

It does not require any very vivid imagination to conceive how seriously this shortage must impair the efficiency of the German armies at the front. Germany has an abundance of rolling stock, but this is of little value if there is no oil. The severe limitations which are now being imposed on all railway travelling on the part of civilians is due to this cause, rather than to the movement of troop trains, which is the official explanation.

The shortage of lubricants must also have a very prejudicial influence on German agriculture, and that, too, at a time when it has never been more imperative than that every possible ounce of food should be got out of the soil.

Gas Helmets for Birds.

Everyone knows that birds are used in the trenches to give early warning of the approach of gas, but it is not so generally known that some of these little feathered sentinels are now officially equipped with gas helmets. This precaution was found necessary for the horses some time ago, but it is quite a new thing where the birds are concerned.

I have seen it stated somewhere that the Germans protect the birds by covering over the cages as soon as the gas wave is detected, but whether this is as effective as the helmets is a little doubtful. The birds, I am told, look extraordinarily comic with the head coverings on, but it saves their lives, and it was always a matter of regret to the men when they were killed by the very enemy of whose approach they gave warning.

The birds are great pets, and become wonderfully tame after they have been a short time in the trenches.

The Highlanders and the Colonials.

One of the Jocks at the front writes me that there is a camaraderie between the Highland regiments and the Colonials, greater even than that which subsists between the Dominion troops and Tommy Atkins. If you wear a kilt, he says, all Anzacs will smile and nod at you with a friendly "How do, Jock?" whenever they pass.

There is nothing really surprising in all this, for the Scot has travelled to the uttermost corners of the earth, and there is hardly a Colonial settlement anywhere that does not boast its Scottish contingent. The Scottish regiments, moreover, have won a wonderful reputation for themselves in France. They say out there that the Jocks are always put into the hottest corner of every fight.

In proportion to her population, too, Scotland responded to the appeal for voluntary recruits far more generally than any other part of the Kingdom. At the time of the Derby campaign youngsters in London were asked if they were going to join up. That was not the question addressed to them in Glasgow or Edinburgh. The greeting there was, "Are ye no' awa' yet." It was always taken for granted that they were going.

RECORD BAG OF U BOATS.

DRASTIC ACTION AGAINST NEUTRALS TO END BLOCKADE LEAKAGE.

BY MAURICE PRENDERGAST.

London, Saturday Night.

THE last return of shipping losses issued provided us with rather a gratifying surprise. It displayed an all-round and marked diminution in the totals of vessels sunk, belonging to all classes, together with a notable reduction in the number of ships attacked. Entries and arrivals passed the 5000 mark. Secret Session or no Secret Session, various members of Parliament have been confiding that the past fortnight's activities have resulted in a record slaughter of U boats by the navy and armed mercantile vessels. However numerous the victims may be of our submarine antidotes, I am afraid the total of defunct German submarines will have little effect on the German piratical hordes. Germany is both building and losing U boats, but she seems to build faster than her losses.

This is the second successive week our mercantile casualties have shown a decline, but experience has taught us to be wary of claiming that we have "the submarine menace well in hand." The blockade ran for eight weeks before the Germans made their great and intensive attack on commercial vessels. Though things may look better for a few weeks now, the Huns may really be "getting up steam" at their naval bases for another sensational effort of piracy.

In connection with this subject a report came from Holland this week, saying that there had been an enormous fire in Wilhelmshaven Dockyard. It is said this conflagration resulted in the complete destruction of many submarine-building slips, and great damage to the depots where the U boats take in their fuel and stores. This all sounds very lurid, no doubt, and we hope it is true. But until we get some sound confirmation it is best to distrust reports of this nature. To interest the German newspapers, I suppose the Dutch correspondents occasionally export messages that Portsmouth Dockyard has gone up in a blaze.

Rear-Admiral Sir Dudley de Chair was for a long time the chief of the famous Tenth Cruiser Squadron, a force chiefly composed of big armed liners and, perhaps, the most important and active of our blockade fleets. Sir Dudley de Chair had, as a matter of duty, to order the detention, examination, and sometimes the seizure of American steamers. Accordingly, he used to come in for hard words from the American Press. Now he is in New York as a member of the British Commission, but his welcome has been as equally warm as that of his confreres. The Americans do admire "a real live wire," even when they receive unpleasant shocks from it

Sir Dudley de Chair seems to have been telling the Americans a few interesting details about the U-boat blockade. For one thing, he says that the crews of German submarines recently captured "were almost crazy," and utterly sick of their work. Admiral von Capelle, the German Naval Secretary, has solemnly declared that only six U boats have been lost since the beginning of the new blockade. German veracity on this topic was well exposed by Sir Dudley de Chair when he pointed out that the dead crew of a certain U boat had been found at sea a few days after the German Admiralty had announced the safe return of that submarine to port.

The Arrival of American Destroyers.

Besides the reduction in shipping losses, another pleasant surprise on Thursday morning was the Admiralty announcement that U.S. destroyers had arrived in this country. These vessels are under the direction of Rear-Admiral W. S. Sims, U.S.N., and will co-operate with our own navy in the prosecution of the naval war. The Germans may have to revise their impression that America can give the Allies no assistance for six months to come, for the U boats have already made acquaintance with Uncle Sam's torpedo craft.

The identity of the American destroyers is not, of course, revealed in the Admiralty communication. But they are probably the very large and modern ocean-going destroyers of the Allen, Conyngham, Cushing, or Alywin classes. These craft are ranked as the most powerful type of destroyers known to exist. Displacing over a thousand tons, their size endows them with high sea-keeping capacity. They are armed with four four-inch and two anti-aircraft guns, in addition to eight or twelve torpedo tubes. So far as offensive power goes, there are few similar craft afloat which can display so formidable a battery of guns and torpedo tubes mounted in one hull.

How close is the naval co-operation of the Allies and how wide the ramifications of the British Fleet has been evidenced by the account published of the little scrap in the Adriatic.

A section of the Austrian Fleet appears to have made a sally in the Straits of Otranto, when a detachment of light forces under cover of darkness encountered a number of merchantmen and guard vessels, and against these comparatively helpless ships the armed Adriatic might of the Dual Monarchy found easy victims.

Then appeared on the scene H.M.S. Dartmouth and H.M.S. Bristol, whereupon the Austrian raiders immediately turned tail. The enemy vessels were kept under heavy and continuous bombardment until near the port of Cattaro, and it may be taken for granted when the accuracy of the British naval gunnery is remembered that a good deal of damage has been caused to the raiding warships. Although H.M.S. Dartmouth was hit by an Austrian torpedo the British cruiser arrived in port with only minor casualties.

A Drastic Measure.

Some remarks made by a British diplomatist a few days ago do not seem to have attracted the notice they deserve. Attention was called to the fact that Switzerland had recently concluded a commercial treaty with Germany, upon which matter the British diplomatist's opinion was invited. It was asked if this treaty would adversely affect the British blockade of the Central Empires.

The diplomatist replied that it mattered little, for the Allied nations (including the United States) would shortly issue a joint Note to certain neutral countries, especially those bordering on Germany. The neutrals, it is said, are to be invited to sign an undertaking, promising to forbid absolutely the export of any commodity from their territories into Germany. Should neutral countries decline to enter this commercial "consortium," as it is called, the Allied nations will immediately prohibit the export of all supplies from their countries to the recalcitrant neutrals.

Such a policy appears highly drastic, but it is the last measure needed to make the Allied blockade of Germany completely effective. So long as supplies leak, by devious means, into Germany from neutral countries, we will never be able to exert the full and complete pressure of naval blockade upon our enemies. Neutrals may therefore be asked to take their choice between commercial communication with Germany, or being cut off from the outside world and being themselves blockaded.

It is lawful to exert pressure on a neutral country by blockade. We have already applied such measures to Greece. On the other hand, the neutrals may resent such a kind of veiled ultimatum, and our relations with them may become embittered. It is a case of the old conflict between our political interest with neutrals and the efficiency of our blockade. Is it worth while giving up part of one, to secure an advantage in the other? I think the wiser policy would be to avoid further exasperation of the non-belligerent countries, and I am somewhat doubtful about the authenticity of the alleged "commercial ultimatum" to the neutral states outlined above.

Admiralty Changes.

The recent agitation against the Admiralty was nothing more or less than a popular newspaper fad. Its artificiality is demonstrated by the fact that all the clamour has been stilled by a few nominal alterations in our naval administration. As for innovations in the personnel of the Board, the differences between the old regime and the new are summed up by the Spanish saying, "the same dog with new collars."

Extremists assured us that the whole Board of Admiralty was going to be scrapped, and in its place a new Ministry of Marine would arise, staffed by Naval Directors of Strategy, Blockade, Anti-Submarine Organisation, &c. But the old and proved system of marine government has not been discarded. The official explanation issued by the Press Bureau points out that the recent changes are intended to improve and strengthen the existing organisation, and not to demolish it.

In principle, little or no change has been effected in the working system of the Admiralty. The First Lord and the War Staff control our naval policy and the dispositions of the Fleet, as they have done since the first months of the war. The Junior Sea Lords still concern themselves with questions of supply. This division of labour was not introduced within the last week, or the last month, but at the very outbreak of war. So much can be proved by a perusal of the Dardanelles Commission's remarks on Admiralty organisation.

No changes could be made in naval administration, for the simple reason that all the alterations asked for were made over thirty months ago. Because no formal and official announcement was made of those alterations in the autumn of 1914, it was assumed that the Admiralty was still to be worked under the old pre-war methods. Which shows how little care was taken, in the recent agitation, to inquire into the real state of affairs.

A Beneficial Innovation.

Although there have been practically no innovations made, what improvements have we made in the direction of the naval war? The most beneficial change has been the release of the First Lord and the heads of the War Staff from mere routine and administrative work, "in order that they may concentrate their attention on the important issues relating to the naval conduct of the war." The First Lord has also been placed at the head of the Naval Staff, and this body is now placed on a sound foundation.

The War Staff was first founded by Mr Churchill in 1912. When war began, the War Staff was exalted into the War Staff Group, consisting of the First Lord, the First Sea Lord, the Chief of Staff, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Arthur Wilson, the Secretary of the Board, and the Naval Secretary. The Junior Sea Lords, who were members of the Admiralty Board, were not invited to assist the War Staff Group in deciding questions of naval policy. Against their wishes, they were reduced, in executive capacity, to the rank of members of a Supply Committee. From being subordinate to the Admiralty, as was intended in 1912, the War Staff became practically supreme, and dwarfed the Board of Admiralty, its nominal master, into insignificance.

Yet this all-powerful War Staff Group remained for long unknown to the public. Only when the Dardanelles Commission's Report appeared did we become aware of the power it had acquired. Even when the Dardanelles Commission's report appeared, few people seemed to be alive to the revelations of the "great transformation" in naval control and the immense power wielded by the War Staff over the naval conduct of the war. The War Staff is still paramount, but instead of being the "power behind the throne" of the Admiralty, it is now openly acknowledged as the supreme directing power in the active conduct of the war at sea.

Sir Eric Geddes' Appointment.

On the supply side the most interesting innovation has been the revival of the office of Controller of the Navy. This position is to be filled by the versatile Sir Eric Geddes, with the honorary and temporary rank of Vice-Admiral. The exact position of Sir Eric Geddes in the Board is not precisely defined. In the official announcement he is placed after the Third Sea Lord, but before the Fourth Sea Lord. By rank as a Vice-Admiral, he should be placed after the Second Sea Lord (Admiral Sir Cecil Burney) but before the Third Sea Lord (Rear-Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey).

Questions have been asked about the work to be undertaken by Vice-Admiral Sir Eric Geddes. The Controller of the Navy used to concern himself with three questions:—(1) the designing of the fleet; (2) the administrative construction, equipment, and repair of the fleet; and (3) contract business and financial questions arising from the second division of his work.

When the position of Controller of the Navy was abolished, the first two divisions were handed over to the Third Sea Lord, and the last division entrusted to the Additional Civil Lords of the Admiralty. Vice-Admiral Sir Eric Geddes is to be responsible for the shipbuilding requirements of the Admiralty, War Office, and Ministry of of Armaments and Munitions. Accordingly, it is not clear whether the new Controller will be superior or subordinate to the Third Sea Lord, who used to be the naval member of the Board responsible for all naval shipbuilding.

It is interesting to observe the gradual enlargement of our naval administration. The Board of Admiralty used to consist of six members, viz., the First Sea Lord, four Sea Lords and a Civil Lord. An additional Civil Lord was added in 1912, and a few months ago a Fifth Sea Lord was introduced, to deal with naval air questions, i.e., the supply of seaplanes, dirigibles, &c., control of the R.N.A.S., and co-operation with the Air Board. Thus the Board was increased to eight members. Under the new system three more members are added, the total of eleven being made up as follows:—

First Lord, Sir Edward Carson.
First Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Staff, Admiral Sir John Jellicoe.
Deputy Chief of Naval Staff, Vice-Admiral Sir Henry Oliver.
Assistant Chief of Naval Staff, Rear-Admiral A. L. Duff.
Second Sea Lord, Admiral Sir Cecil Burney.
Third Sea Lord, Rear-Admiral Lionel Halsey.
Controller of the Navy, Vice-Admiral Sir Eric Geddes.
Fourth Sea Lord, Rear-Admiral H. H. D. Tothill.
Fifth Sea Lord, Commodore Godfrey Paine.
Civil Lord, Earl of Lytton.
Additional Civil Lord, Sir Francis Hopwood.

RECORD BAG OF U BOATS—Continued.

SCOTS COLLIERS' EXPLOIT.

ENEMY NIGHT ATTACK SHATTERED

BY SURPRISE EXPLOSION OF GERMAN MINE.

London, Saturday.

Vivid sidelights on the day's work of Scottish colliers serving with the British Army on the Western front are given by Lance-Corporal Hector M'Alister, a former Lanarkshire miner, now attached to the Machine Gun Section. Speaking to our representative, he (Corporal M'Alister) said:—

We're making a miner of Fritz. He has always fancied himself for that sort of thing, but we have shown him just how much he doesn't know. Our Scots collier lads have done their part in running this select academy for teaching Fritz the mysteries of mining. One day recently the Scotties had their chance. We went up the line after a hard bit of fighting, in which we threw the enemy back. The Germans got to work on a mine, which they hoped to drive right under our whole system of trenches, and give us an unexpected rise in the world. We tumbled to their game. We said nothing, but we acted all the more for that.

A Surprise for Fritz.

Exactly what we did I must not say, but we had everything ready to provide Fritz with a nice little surprise, and, what was more, we were able to anticipate all his moves. On the night the great mine was completed the enemy sent over a raiding party to visit our trenches with the object of making sure of the point at which the mine was to be sprung. We lay low. The enemy came rushing across cautiously, little dreaming that we were watching.

Just when they had got to a certain marked spot on the mined ground something happened. The earth seemed to rise up and strike Fritz between his two dull, heavy eyes. The whole bunch of Huns were lifted bodily into the air, and disappeared in a great cloud of earth and wreckage. By and bye the wreckage and dust cleared away. Not a soul was to be seen upright. The whole of the raiding party had been wiped out.

A Mystery.

Apparently the thing was a great mystery to the Huns behind, for they immediately rushed up fresh troops to seize the crater formed by the explosion. I fancy they must have imagined their own lot had exploded the mine purposely. At the same time we had moved forward and reached the crater first. You can imagine the surprise Fritz got when he came and found us in possession instead of his own comrades. He put up a sham fight, but surrendered in the end, and we won one of the softest victories of the war.

LATEST COMMENTS FROM THE WORLD'S PRESS.

As Usual!

Racing is stopped, but the human race will go on as usual.—The London Star.

Depends on the Crops.

The future of the world depends on the crops of America this year.—Detroit News.

Detaching a German Ally.

There is something in the wind, and Germany is not to be allowed to take the offensive in the field of diplomacy.—Weekly News.

The Syndicalists.

The little body of syndicalists care nothing for the war, for nothing at all except to enforce their creed by fair means or foul.—Morning Post.

Afraid of Ireland.

Why is the British Government more afraid of Ireland than of Germany? That is one of the questions which will puzzle the historians of the Great War.—Truth.

The Kaiser's Luck.

Two years or so ago the Kaiser was to eat his Christmas dinner in Paris. Next Christmas he may be extraordinarily lucky if he is allowed to eat it in Berlin.—Montreal Star.

But Not Pirates.

"Americans are dishonest, ignorant, and bullying," says the Hanover Courier. Maybe, but thank Heaven we never sunk a shipload of women and babies!—Detroit Free Press.

The Dawn.

Many see in the recent visit to Paris of Admiral Jellicoe a sign that we are approaching the dawn of a new and promising era in the sea contest.—Naval and Military Record.

The Height of Folly.

It is the height of folly to declare strikes illegal, and yet deal with the strikers as though they were a pack of naughty schoolboys.—Dundee Courier.

Literature, not Battleships.

British literature more than British battleships has built the British Empire. From penny liners to poet laureates, the British writers breathe their country's greatness. Their standard of right and wrong for everybody is the good or ill of England.—Chicago Tribune.

War Breaks Class Barriers.

Master and servant, superior and subordinate, having fought side by side, will never renew quite the old mutual relationship again. The titled woman and her humbler sister have been brought into new sympathy and understanding through the fellowship of grief and service.—Providence Journal.

The Age May Be Sixty Yet.

In the end the State will get for this mortal struggle against the power of Germany all the men it wants, if it has even to begin at seventeen and go up to sixty, and it is by no means certain that we shall not find ourselves in the region of the latter figure before the contest ends.—Saturday Review.

No Beerocracy!

State purchase at the present time is a wild, reckless, and inexcusable tinkering with the State's money that cannot be spared for other than war purposes. Surely Mr Lloyd George's Government has enough things to do to carry on the war without attempting to form a new beerocracy.—Daily Express.

The Appeal to Democracy.

If we want to deal as diplomatists with democracy, we must appeal directly to the rank and file of poor men, man by man, treating each man of them as responsible and respectable—as he probably is. We must ask him to be loyal to England. We must avoid, like the ten plagues, the tainted hint of telling him to be loyal to his leaders.—New Witness.

New Orator of Empire.

Colonel Smuts goes from triumph to triumph. He is becoming a kind of orator for the Empire; his subtlety, serious and prophetic spirit, and clear, rational treatment of the political problems of the war, impress all his audiences, Tory and Liberal alike, and are rapidly creating a new atmosphere of feeling and opinion. His influence is a fact of first-rate consequence.—The Nation.

The Blind Pacifist.

Wrapped in his intellectual cloak of pride and self love, the pacifist never seems to realise the consequences of his demands. As long as he is able to pretend to himself that he is being kind and just to Germany and her rulers, and that he is chastening the British Government, and weakening the power of what he would call our cruel Imperialism, he is quite satisfied.—Spectator.

Triolet of the Times.

Have you got "allotment feet"?
Digger's cramp or gardenitis?
People ask us when we meet,
"Have you got 'allotment feet'?"
These complaints to-day compete
With the famed appendicitis:
Have you got "allotment feet"?
Digger's cramp or gardenitis?

—Daily Express.

ALLIES INCREASING THE PRESSURE.

BRILLIANT OPENING OF ITALIAN OFFENSIVE.

BY GUY L'ESTRANGE.

(OVER "POST" SPECIAL WIRE.)

London, Saturday Night.

BEYOND the fact that the Italians have opened their offensive there has been little in actual military developments to record during the last few days. Details of the Italian advance are at present somewhat meagre, but no one can ignore the importance of the additional pressure which it imposes on the enemy's weakening forces. It marks a distinct step towards that ideal of a simultaneous offensive against the Central Empires on all fronts.

The realisation of this ideal in all its completeness has been rendered more difficult of attainment by the long political crisis in Petrograd. Happily, there are signs at last that things are settling down on the Neva, and though we all recognise that Russia can hardly afford us this summer the assistance that was hoped, the situation is improving to an extent that may make Von Hindenburg hesitate about withdrawing more divisions from the East for the reinforcement of his Western line.

The Italians, moreover, may be trusted to keep Austria's hands full for a considerable time to come, and all accounts agree that the Austrians are neither in the mood nor the condition to withstand very much more hammering of the kind they experienced last year. General Cadorna is attacking on a very wide front, his operations extending virtually from Tolmino to the sea.

The natural difficulties of terrain that the Italians are attacking are enormous, the terraced slopes on which the Austrians are entrenched bristling with guns of every calibre. But in this type of mountain warfare the Italians have no equals, and we may await the result with complete confidence.

On the Western front the enemy's desperate counter-offensives have availed them nothing. So far from hurling back the British advance Sir Douglas Haig has been able slightly to improve his position. The whole of Bullecourt is now in our hands, and though, with unexampled mendacity, the Germans state that their troops evacuated the ruins of the village without interruption from our troops they are not able to disguise the fact that a key possession which has been desperately contested for a month has now passed definitely into our hands.

Cloud in the East.

Turning aside from the examination of the military situation, it is to be noted that what may be termed the political aspects of the war are beginning to obtrude themselves more and more on public attention. At the moment they attract more notice than even the operations of the army in the field.

Armies cannot attain to the highest pitch of efficiency if unity is lacking in the nations which stand behind them. In Berlin there is indication that the political situation is artificial to a degree.

Outwardly the strength is concentrated in one man, and that man is Hindenburg. But everyone knows that Hindenburg is a wooden idol — a mere puppet, the strings of which are manipulated by other hands. The German Chancellor himself is maintained in power only by the personal will of the Kaiser, and the Kaiser again, for tactic reasons, is carefully kept in the background lest military disaster in the field should bring about the fall of the Hohenzollerns.

The talk one hears of this or that Power including a separate peace affords evidence of growing disintegration. Outwardly Germany appears to stand firm, though her policy begins to be animated by a Micawberlike spirit of waiting for something to turn up. At the same time Austria is wavering, Turkey does not disguise her readiness to include a separate peace on almost any terms that would enable her to retain Constantinople and a foothold in Europe, and Bulgaria's continued allegiance to the Central Alliance is obviously viewed with the greatest suspicion in Berlin.

The Allies on their part are not without their own troubles. The German Chancellor is evidently still hopeful that it may be possible to conclude a separate peace with Russia. Happily, all the information available in London encourages us to believe that the enemy's hope in this particular will not be realised.

But no sane person imagines that the internal chaos which has reigned in Russia since the revolution can be without effect on our Allies' military preparations for continuing the war.

Germany's Predicament.

In normal circumstances the outlook on the Eastern front would give cause for serious disquietude to the Allies. The natural thing for Germany to do would be to take instant advantage of the military opportunity that appears to present itself. But it is exceedingly doubtful whether Von Hindenburg is now in a position to take advantage of this opportunity.

So far from possessing the forces requisite for launching a new great offensive in the East such information as we possess suggests that he is compelled to draw more and more men from the Russian front in order to maintain his line in the West.

The position in which the Germans find themselves in France rather reminds one of that grim little story of the mighty hunter who was worn down by his Redskin foes. They gave him no rest. Day after day they followed him across the prairie, knowing that in the end exhaustion would cause the horseman to sleep, and that then the end would come.

It seems impossible that the Germans can sustain interminably the constant pressure to which they are being subjected. In any case Von Hindenburg has been forced to use up his reserves to an extent that must make him hesitate about making any new commitments. An advance on Petrograd would offer a great prize, but it would be attended also by great perils.

It is more likely that the enemy's policy so far as Russia is concerned will be to remain as quiescent as possible in the hope that internal discord may go on working fell mischief. The German Chancellor, at least, is credited with a shrewd suspicion that an advance on Petrograd, which might or might not prove successful, but which would in any case weaken Germany's resources in the West, might restore unity to the torn body politic of Russia and cause the people to rally as one man to the defence of their beloved country.

GIPSIES ATTACK POLICE.

ROWDY, IRISH SCENE.

Belfast, Saturday.

The remarkable story of an attack by a party of gipsies on the police has just been told at the Courthouse in the town of Ballyclare, a few miles from Belfast.

It appeared from the evidence given that the gipsies pitched their tents near the village of Ballynure. Shortly afterwards two members of the party, James Williamson and John M'Allister, walked into the shop of Mr Girvan, and said they wanted to purchase a pair of boots. Having selected a pair one of the men proceeded to try them on. As he was in the act of doing so the proprietor had occasion to leave the shop. On his return he was naturally surprised to find that the men and the boots had completely disappeared. Mr Girvan at once proceeded to the gipsy encampment, but his reception was of a somewhat hostile character. He then decided to go to Ballyclare and inform the police.

Accompanied by Constable Nugent he returned to the resort of the gipsies. On arrival they were seriously attacked by the entire party in the encampment, the men throwing bottles and stones, while a woman used an iron bar. Constable Nugent was badly injured, and a motor car, standing in the vicinity of the melee, was greatly damaged.

In Court the men expressed sorrow for what they had done, and the Chairman remarked that but for the fact that one of the accused had young children to look after he would have sent them both to prison. In the circumstances they would be fined 40s and costs each, or in default undergo one month's imprisonment.

FAIR SHELL GIRLS FROM THE EAST

"DUBS" AMONG THE BOCHES.

IRISHMEN'S GREAT DASH THROUGH THE BARRAGE.

THE ONLY THING THAT CAN STOP THEM.

London, Saturday Night.

The boys from the Emerald Isle have taken a big part in the titanic death-grapple of recent weeks on the Western front, and the story related to me by a frank-faced Irish soldier while awaiting his turn at the field hospital was full of vivid incident. He was simply bubbling over with good humour as he described his experiences.

"My regiment is the Royal Dublins," he said.

"Ah," I said, "you're a regular soldier then?"

"'Deed and I am, sir. I've done eight years in the army."

"Gallipoli, perhaps?"

"From start to finish. An' here's a queer-like thing. I've been two years exactly on the field. I was hit the same day two years after I landed on the Peninsula."

"That's a curious thing—two years exactly to the day!"

"Two years exactly to the hour. I landed on the Peninsula at half-past four on the morning of the 25th April, 'fifteen, and I was hit at half-past four on the morning of the 25th April, 'seventeen. There's more than that, sir. I was just a year in the firing line in France, but not exact to the day.

Barrage Didn't Stop Them.

"It must have been about half-past four when our barrage lifted to let us get into the German first line, and we were no sooner over the top than the Germans put on the neatest barrage you ever saw, crack to the minute. It was better work than their usual, but it didn't stop us. We were in their front trench as if the devil was after us; we'd only about two hundred yards to go. We cleaned that out as far as we could see in passing, and then we made for the second line, where we were to stop—it must have been about eight hundred yards further on.

"About half-way over something hit me a devil of a smack in the arm here, and about ripped the pack off my back. The next thing I knew was that my arm was useless, and it was no good going forward not able to use my bayonet, so I just turned and strolled back to the first German trench. The regimental stretcher-bearers were there, and one put my field dressing on my arm. We took off what straps there was left on me, and I got one put under my arm to support it. They told me the bone was broken, and 'deed there was a big enough hole in my arm."

Turk a Better Sport than Boche.

"Our boys were in the second line by the time I had made up my mind to turn back, and I haven't heard that they have been turned out yet. I think you can safely say that the attack was a success. Our regiment wants a bit of shifting once it's took a hold. The Germans don't hold on worth a damn once you get in amongst them. They don't attack either, unless they're better off for guns, and have more men than them that's holding the trench they want to take.

"The old Turk is a better sport than the German. In hand-to-hand work he would put up a better fight over one little bit of trench than we'd have over three or four of the Germans. The only thing that's made the Germans last so long is their guns and machines. If they get into a hole in the ground and get well covered with concrete and backed up with plenty of guns they're all right. But they're no use in the open."

"Do you mean to tell me that you've never got up against good fighting Germans? Never had a decent scrap since you got to France?"

"There's some of them that can fight all right, but you seldom see them. I've met one or two in bits of raids. If the Germans have ever scored off us it's because they've had more guns or something of that sort. That's a thing of the past, though. We've all the guns we want now, and they tell me that we've more coming. That's the stuff to give them, sir, guns and tanks, and then let's get at them with the bayonet and a pocketful of bombs.

"There one thing that might stop us yet, sir," added the Irish soldier with a twinkle. Of course, I asked what it was.

"They say we're running short of Irishmen, sir. That'll be a great want."

And I felt inclined to agree. We can do with as many of his kind as we can get.

PLUCKY HAMILTON OFFICER

Congratulated by the King.

Hamilton, Saturday.

Official news reached Hamilton this morning that Lieutenant J. W. Leith, Gordon Highlanders, has been awarded the Military Cross for conspicuous gallantry in action.

Lieutenant Leith is an old Hamilton Academy boy, and not more than nineteen years of age.

He was wounded in the recent big advance, and is meanwhile an inmate of a Manchester hospital. In the course of his tour through that city the other day, the King visited the Manchester institution, and personally congratulated the young officer on his pluck and daring.

Lieutenant Leith joined the Argylls in 1914, and has been through all the heavy fighting since the Battle of Loos. He received his commission in November, 1916.

"IN SELF-DEFENCE"

is the title of the fascinating story which has just started in "The Saturday Post" (Buff Edition). It has been written by Silas K. Hocking, one of the most brilliant of our present-day authors.

EXPEL ALL THE ALIEN ENEMIES.

THE EXAMPLE OF FRANCE: AN APPEAL TO SCOTSMEN.

BY J. COUDURIE DE CHASSAIGNE.

(EXCLUSIVE TO "THE POST SUNDAY SPECIAL.")

M. J. Coudurie de Chassaigne, who in this vigorous article deals with the alien in our midst, is one of the most distinguished French journalists in London. A graduate and Fellow of the Sorbonne, Paris, he is the London editor of Le Figaro, correspondent of Le Journal de Geneve and L'Illustration. He is President of the Foreign Press Association in London and a Knight of the Legion d'Honneur. At present he is chairman of the Foreigners' section in connection with Mr Chamberlain's National Service scheme, and he holds very strong views on the enemy alien question. He thinks that unless we deal with it now and grapple with the alien enemy, Germany and not the brave Allies in the trenches, will reap the benefit after the war. A strong admirer of Scotsmen and everything Scottish, he calls on Scotland to help France in what she means to do with the alien problem.

IT is for me not only a great honour but also a real pleasure to be brought in direct contact with the Scottish people through the good offices of "The Post Sunday Special." For centuries the French and the Scots have been sincere friends. Ties of mutual esteem and sympathy unite the two nations. We have so many things in common.

Like the French you are hard-working, thrifty; you, too, know the value of money. To economise sixpence, or even a penny, seems quite natural to a Scotsman, as it is quite natural for a Frenchman to avoid throwing away a piece of fifty centimes or even ten centimes. This is why spendthrifts will tell you that as a nation the French are mean, and even avaricious, just like the Scots.

As a matter of fact I am quite certain, and recent events have proved it, that Scotland and France do not hesitate to give in the most generous and noble way all their treasures, the best of their blood and money, when any patriotic cause claims all from the citizens of both countries. The truth is that the French and the Scots are used to work hard for their living, and as they appreciate the result of their incessant toil, they hate waste in any shape or form.

The Scots, like the French, are logical, and it takes them very little time to grasp the points of the most intricate business proposition. What is more, they have, like the French, a genuine passion for knowledge and a keen sense of humour. Like the French, they treasure the priceless gifts of education.

Worthy Son of a Worthy Sire.

I remember the emotion I felt when one of the best known of the Scottish members of Parliament told me how his father, a poor labourer, had starved himself to give him the benefits of a liberal education. The son was worthy of his father, and his only regret was that the old man was not there to see the result of his devoted sacrifice. The same story could be told of a countless number of Frenchmen, who, born in the humblest rank of society, have reached the highest situations in commercial or public life, and owe it as much to the heroic and unselfish efforts of their parents as to our system of education.

I could continue this parallel, and show you many more points of contact between our two races, but I have said enough to explain what, after all, needs no explanation. Sympathy, like love, is spontaneous. One can discover all sorts of explanations of either of these sentiments, once they are born. But no reasoning in the world can create them, and the best we can say of the mutual understanding which exists between the French and the Scots is that it exists.

This is why I feel at liberty to discuss with you to-day questions of vital importance not only to the French, but also to yourselves.

I know that Scotland has little to do with the strangers within the gates of the British Empire. Germans and German Jews do not prosper in competition with the keen-eyed Scots. And the alien problem, with which the British Government is confronted in England, seems distant to the inhabitants of Bonnie Scotland. But as you are not only good patriots from your own local point of view, you must also realise the full extent of your duty as citizens of the United Kingdom.

Struggle With Hidden Forces.

It is as such that I ask you to help us in the struggle we have undertaken against the enemy aliens who are still in our midst.

We hear every day of the great battles which are taking place on the different fronts, but we never hear enough of the struggle, obscure and without glory, which is taking place between the civil population of the Allied countries and the hidden forces of our common foes. They are still amongst us, sometimes as powerful as ever.

In France as well as in England they still possess enormous interests in banking concerns, in industrial and commercial enterprises. They are still represented by Frenchmen or by Englishmen who put financial advantages before any other consideration. They still have no difficulty in finding legal advisers to protect them and to sue French or English citizens before Courts of Justice on their behalf.

What is more, in this country they even find Judges to state that they are not technically enemy aliens as long as they are not residing in Germany. The result of this monstrous interpretation of the law is that a German residing in England is technically and legally only a foreigner like myself or any other Ally. Is such a decision, from which only one learned Judge out of six dissented, either fair or even commonsense? If during the war, at the very time when the Germans are sinking hospital ships and methodically devastating our poor French provinces, we treat those who remain in Britain as we would any other foreigner, what can we expect to happen after the war? If at this very time no feeling strong enough exists to brand the Germans as the outlaws they are, what will their position be in Britain when peace is signed? If it is to remain intact, what is the good of all this bloodshed? What will be gained by sacrificing the best of our manhood? Something must be done, and done at once, to wake up public opinion here on this vital issue.

Legal Nonsense Denounced.

Already in Paris the Court of Appeal has denounced the legal nonsense of some Tribunals who were ready to give to Germans the same rights as Frenchmen enjoy in France, but, of course, not in Germany! What we want in every walk of public life is common sense. We have had enough of hair-splitting judicial minds. The whole German race has put itself outside the pale of humanity. The crimes of the Hohenzollerns and of Prussia have been approved by the whole Teutonic population. It matters not to us how or why that population has been moulded to its present shape.

The fact which concerns us is that it will remain for many generations what it is to-day. Generations must pass before we can allow ourselves and our children or grandchildren to forgive and forget.

Meanwhile all the Allies should follow the example that France has given them. They should draft a law of denaturalisation so as to expel as much German blood and German influence as possible from all the Allied countries.

We must also find a practical way of reminding the generations that are to come that Germany is never to be trusted until she has given proofs of genuine repentance.

The best way to achieve this seems to me to have been found by my friend, M. Charles Guernier, a member of the French Parliament, and High Commissioner of France in London for all questions relating to transport. He proposes that every year, on board all French ships, the date of the sinking of the Lusitania should be commemorated at the same hour.

Let us extend the scope of this excellent project. Let us prepare a list of the most palpable atrocities committed by the Germans, and let their dates become annual commemoration days in all the schools, colleges, and universities of the Allied countries.

Let us for ever remember what our people have endured. Let it be impossible for the world ever to forget the lessons in frightfulness that the Huns have given to humanity. And let Scotland join with France to preserve the memory of our common crusade against barbarism, and of the terrible price in blood and treasure we have paid for having forgotten the lessons of the past.

GERMAN DESIGNS ON BELGIUM.

Late Von Bissing's Holy Duty.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The Prussian Deputy, Herr Bachmeister, in the weekly issue of Das Grossere Deutschland, publishes a memorial by the late Governor-General, Von Bissing, which Herr Bachmeister calls a document of a highly important kind.

The Weser Zeitung, which publishes a summary of the article, says:—Von Bissing refers to the "holy duty" that Belgium must remain under German influence for military reasons, and in order to safeguard Germany's economic interests in Belgium. He points out that the Flemish movement is a part of German interests, and adds:—"Belgium must be taken and retained. If we relinquish a part of Belguim or make a part of it, such as Flanders, an independent Flemish State, we create for ourselves considerable difficulties."

"Suddenly a great beam of light shot athwart the sky. It lowered slowly, and, a moment later, it fell upon the submarine. (A scene from a future instalment.)

THE SECRET SUBMARINE

By RIDGWELL CULLUM.

An After the War Story Called by the Author "The Men Who Wrought."

THE BEGINNING OF THE STORY.

Prince Stanislaus Hertzwohl, who perfected the German submarine, gives away the secret of a big submersible to

Ruxton Farlow, a young British Cabinet Minister.

Von Salzinger, the military governor of Germany's secret arsenal at Borga, is sent on a private mission to London, and meets

Vita, the Prince's daughter, with whom he is in love. Vita discovers that Von Salzinger suspects the loyalty of her father and his association with Farlow.

Ruxton has induced his father and the Government to construct big submersibles according to the Prince's plans. Finding that he is being kept under surveillance, the Prince escapes from Germany by submarine.

Ruxton learns that Vita has been kidnapped, and that there has been an explosion at Dorby shipbuilding yards, in which the drawing offices have been completely wrecked.

Prince Von Berger, an important German official, tells Von Salzinger that Vita has been condemned to death if her father eludes capture. Salzinger tells Vita that he will save her and her father, provided she sacrifices her love for Ruxton. Vita reluctantly pledges herself, believing it to be her duty, for which even Ruxton himself would not blame her.

The Wreck at Dorby.

A SMALL group of people stood surveying the wreck of one of the great construction docks in the Dorby yards. Prominent among them were Sir Andrew Farlow and his son. They were standing beside a naval officer of considerable rank. A number of naval uniforms stood out from the rest of the civilians; but these were of lesser degree.

The corrugated iron roof—thousands of square feet of it—was lying tumbled and torn upon a tangle of fallen steel girders. Great slabs of ferro-concrete walls loomed grey amidst the chaos. Steel stanchions of great height and strength, used to support the roofing, lay about, bent or broken, like so much lead piping. The mass of wreckage was stupendous, and through it all, and beyond it, towards the water's edge, the rigid steel ribs of twin vessels stood up defiantly, as though indifferent to the fierce upheaval which had wrecked their cradles.

Ruxton pointed at the latter.

"They've wrecked everything but what they set out to wreck."

He had voiced a general thought. There was no answer to his comment. Sir Andrew frowned down upon the scene. His strong Yorkshire features were sternly set.

"It means two weeks' delay. That is all." Sir Andrew's words were the outcome of his resolve.

"All of that," said the commander. "It's curious," he reflected. "It suggests inexperience or—great hurry. What of the offices?"

"You mean the drawing office?" Sir Andrew's lips set grimly as he glanced in Huxton's direction.

"Burnt to a cinder and scattered to the four winds." Ruxton emitted a sound like a laugh deprived of all mirth.

"The drawings?" The commander's eyes were gravely inquiring.

"Not a drawing or tracing saved. Not a single working plan. Complete. Oh, yes, complete. But——"

"But?" The concern had deepened in the officer's eyes.

Ruxton shrugged.

"We have duplicates and triplicates of everything besides the originals. They must take us for babes or—imbeciles."

The officer was relieved. He even smiled. "A good many do that. Well, they have told us their intentions pretty plainly. They'll get no second opportunity unless they've a staff of miracle workers. Shall you be present at the inquiry this afternoon, Sir Andrew?"

Sir Andrew signified assent. Then he asked—

"What about the inquest?"

"To-morrow morning," one of his own staff informed him.

"Four deaths. Seven injured." It was the officer again who spoke. "Two of them my men. The others operatives. One of the injured is believed to be a foreigner. If he is fit to give evidence it may be interesting."

The talk ceased. There was nothing more to be said. The wrecking was complete. No further talk could serve them.

Presently Sir Andrew moved away. His resentment outweighed his regrets. Ruxton followed him. He displayed no emotion at the ruin which had been caused. The loss of life he endeavoured to thrust out of his mind. Nor was it difficult, for, in spite of the seriousness of the calamity, it was incomparable with the calamity which had come near to breaking his heart.

The officer remained where he was. His duty lay there in the work under his guardianship. He knew well enough he was not likely to escape the official verdict of "slackness."

In the privacy of the offices, just within the gates of the yards, Ruxton and his father were at liberty to talk more freely. Yet for some minutes after their arrival their inclination kept them silent. Each was thinking on the lines which appealed most. Ruxton was not thinking of Dorby at all.

Sir Andrew was the first to speak.

"I am trying to fathom the significance of it," he said, a little helplessly.

Ruxton's dark eyes withdrew from the window.

"Don't," he said. Then he added, "It's not worth it."

His father's shrewd eyes regarded him speculatively.

"Not worth it? How?"

"Why, because you will discover it, and it will have been trouble for nothing."

"I don't understand."

"It is simple. There is only one meaning to it. Terror."

In spite of the old man's disturbance his eyes twinkled.

"They'll achieve precious little of that. If that's all——"

"Exactly, dad. Purposeless destruction is a fetish of this people. Their psychology has an abnormal belief in terror. They judge everybody the same. You have seen it in a hundred ways. Except for this they are anything but fools. But in this they are almost childlike. They know they cannot stop the work in these yards. They know if they destroy a dozen sets of plans there will still be more forthcoming. They know all this, and are childishly, impotently furious. Their first thought is revenge, and then terrorising. They think they can frighten us into abandoning the work, perhaps. I don't know. There is one thing certain: speculation on the matter is waste of your valuable efforts. Sparling is right; they have shown their hand. They will get no second chance on the same lines. They have achieved two weeks' delay. That is all they have achieved—here."

"Here?"

"Yes. I haven't had an opportunity of telling you before." Ruxton paused. A storm had gathered in his deep eyes. His fair, even brows were drawn. His father noted a sudden fulness in the veins at his temples. Then, in the midst of the affairs of the moment, he remembered his son's hurried rush to town, and its purpose.

Quite suddenly Ruxton leapt to his feet. He towered over the staunch figure of his father. His eyes had become hot and straining.

"Yes, what they have achieved here is futile. But what they have done elsewhere is—damnable," he cried, with hardly repressed fury. "I feel as if I should go mad. I've thought and thought till I can no longer think connectedly upon the matter. I am lost; utterly lost; groping like a blind man. She has gone. She's been spirited away, stolen; and God alone knows what suffering and torture she may not even now be enduring. I told you revenge and terror are the motives of these people. Their plans have fallen into our hands, and we are availing ourselves of them. Remember, the secrets we posses are the most precious of all the German Government's plans. They cannot undo that mischief, so they turn to revenge, for which they have an infinite capacity. Who are they going to be revenged upon? Us? Yes, as far as possible. Even our own lives may be threatened. But more than all they intend to hurt Von Hertzwohl and—all belonging to him. They mean to kill him, and possibly the others. But first they will use his daughter to get at him. Do you see? She will be tortured until she delivers him into their hands, and then—God knows."

He flung out his arms in a gesture of despair.

His father's eyes deepened in their anxiety. But the set of his strong mouth became firmer.

"Tell me just what has happened." The demand spoken so quietly had the effect desired.

Ruxton pulled himself together. His father watched the return of control with satisfaction.

He told the story of his journey to Wednesford calmly and quietly, without missing a detail. Sir Andrew listened closely, the seriousness of his attitude deepening with every fresh detail which pointed the certainty of foul play. At the conclusion of the story he was as gravely apprehensive as the other, and his sympathy for his boy's heartbroken condition was from the depths of his devoted heart.

"I've got the best Scotland Yard can supply working for us, and each man has been offered fabulous rewards if he can ascertain her whereabouts. So far I have no news; no hope. Dad, I love Vita so that this thing has nearly set me crazy. I tell you I must find her. I must save her from these devils, or——"

"Have you seen Von Hertzwohl?"

Ruxton started. His drawn face and straining eyes underwent a complete change at the simple inquiry from his father.

"No. I——"

"It seems to me if their object is to get at him it should not be impossible that a clue—— Besides, I sent a letter on to him, which came under cover addressed to me. That was the first thing this morning, just before you arrived. It was written in a woman's hand, and——"

"God! Why didn't you speak of it before?" The demand was almost rough. Such was the rush of blind hope that suddenly surged through the younger man's heart.

The father's eyes twinkled. "You had told me nothing. I knew nothing of the trouble."

"Of course. I'm sorry, dad." Ruxton's whole attitude had undergone a swift change.

Now he was all eager hope, and strung to a pitch of desire for action.

"I will go to him at once."

"Now?" The old man shook his head. "You're too reckless, boy. Think it over carefully. Remember, Dorby is full of German agents. I should suggest to-night. I should suggest you adopt the garb of a worker. Ruxton Farlow visiting a working man's abode. It would be too inviting to our—enemies."

"Dad, you're right—always right. Yes; to-night. You think it was a letter from her?"

Sir Andrew shook his head.

"I haven't an idea, boy," he said in his deliberate fashion. "How could I be expected to? The letter came, and I sent it on by hand. A perfectly trustworthy hand, under cover of a fresh address to Mr Charles Smith. Now it's different. It seems it might be a—clue."

"Might? Of course it is. There is only one woman who would write to him. But—why not have written to me?"

The same thought had simultaneously occurred to the father, and, as it came, something of the lighter manner which had been steadily gathering died out of his shrewd eyes.

. . . . . .

It was a little yellow brick cottage, part of a terrace of a dozen or so, in a cul-de-sac, guarded at its entrance by a beer house on one hand, and, on the other, a general shop. The brickwork was black with years of fog and soot, and the English climate. The front of it possessed three windows and a doorway, with a step that at rare intervals was tinted with a sort of yellow ochre. The windows were curtainless, and suggested years of uncleanliness in the inhabitants.

The interior was little better. The owners of the place lived downstairs. The two small rooms above were let to lodgers of the working class. One of the latter was employed in one of the shipyards. The other the poor housewife was doubtful about. He remained unemployed, and was a foreigner; but he paid his rent, and didn't seem to require her to do any cooking for him. Then he seemed fond of her dirty-faced children, of whom there seemed to be an endless string, who frequently invaded his quarters, and submitted him to an interminable catechism of childish inquiry.

Otherwise the tall, lean workman with the hollow cheeks and luminous eyes was left to prosecute his apparently fruitless search for work unquestioned. Mrs Clark was far too busy with her brood of offspring to concern herself with his affairs, a small mercy vouchsafed him, and for which he was duly thankful. Mr Charles Smith by no means courted the intimacy of his neighbours, or his fellow-lodger; at the same time, he avoided exciting any suspicion.

He had received a letter that morning. He had read it at once. It was written in German, but the address upon the outer envelope was in a bold English handwriting. After reading it he straightened up his meagre room in a preoccupied fashion. His big, foreign-looking eyes were more than usually reflective, and a curious pucker of thought had drawn his shaggy brows together. Then, as was his rule, he passed out of the house, greeting the ragged fragments of humanity, who owed—and rarely yielded—obedience to Mrs Clark, in his friendly fashion, and set out on what appeared to be his daily pursuit of employment. He returned at noon.

He read his letter again, and sat thinking about it until he was disturbed by one of the children. Then he again set forth. Nor did he return to his abode until darkness had closed in, and the army of small children had been bestowed for the night in their various nooks and corners of the lower premises.

He lit the cheap oil lamp on his table, seated himself in the unstable old basket chair beside his uninviting bed, and settled himself for a third perusal of his letter.

It was a long letter, and it was signed "Vita." It was written in a striking feminine hand, which moulded the spidery German characters into something unusually strong and characteristic. He displayed a mild wonder that German characters supervened the signature. But the wonder passed as he read, lost in the gravity of alarm which steadily grew in his eyes as he turned each page.

He paused during this third reading at several of the paragraphs. He reread them, as though he would penetrate the last fraction of their significance. And at each pause, at each rereading, his disquiet grew.

That letter had a grave effect upon him. So much so that he forgot time, he forgot that he had yet to go out and seek food at some ham and beef shop, and that he was hungry. The final paragraph of the letter perhaps affected him most of all, and gave him an unease of heart which none of the rest could have done. It was a paragraph which opened up for his scrutiny the depths of a woman's soul in the first great rush of a passionate love. He had read this with deep emotion and a great sympathy. And as he read it he felt something of the wrong which, through him and his efforts, was being inflicted upon the woman whom it was his paternal right to cherish and protect. Then, in the last lines of this outpouring, he received the final blow which brought him a realisation. It was an example of the wonderful magnanimity and self-sacrifice of a woman's love. It was the renunciation of all her hopes and yearnings in the interests of the man upon whom she had bestowed the wealth and treasure of her woman's heart.

He mechanically folded up the letter and returned it to an inner pocket. He rose with a sigh, and gazed about him uncertainly. The meaning of his sordid surroundings passed him by. His thoughts were on so many other things which filled his active faculties, leaving no room for the consideration of his own comforts.

He even forgot that he had not eaten since noon. He extracted a sheet of paper from a small locked hand-grip, and set about writing a brief message—a message such as he had been asked for. He enclosed it in an envelope and addressed it to Redwithy Farm in Buckinghamshire.

He had just completed his task when the stairs outside his door creaked under a heavy footfall. The next moment there was a knock at his door.

Two minutes later Ruxton Farlow, clad in workman's clothes, occupied the protesting wicker-chair, while Prince Von Hertzwohl contented himself with a seat upon the unyielding bed. The oil lamp shone dully upon the table and threw into dim relief two faces, whose strength and suggestion of mentality suited ill the quality of the clothes which covered the bodies beneath them.

To Von Hertzwohl it was as though some miracle of none too pleasant a nature had been performed. In view of his letter from Vita, Ruxton Farlow was the last person he desired to see. On the other hand, he had been waiting anxiously to hear from him, or see him on the subject of the happenings at the yards, of which the whole town of Dorby had become aware.

Ruxton had his own purpose in view, but the Prince gave him no opportunity of developing it at the first excitement of the meeting.

"Tell me, Mr Farlow. Tell me of it all," he cried, in his swift, impulsive way. "I have heard so much and know so little. I have lived through a fever since yesterday morning. I have listened to the wildest stories of conspiracies and plots. It is said, even, that your father's offices have been destroyed; that he has been injured. But I knew that was not right. You will tell me it all."

Ruxton was reluctantly forced to abandon his own purpose for the moment. He even smiled in answer to the old man's wide, eager eyes.

"They have started on us," he said, with quiet confidence. "Oh, yes, they have started. The purpose was well intentioned, but of childish inception and indifferent execution. They have delayed work for perhaps two weeks. They have become obsessed with the use of bombs, which was a disease during the war."

"But the explosions—they were terrific. I heard them here, in this bed."

"The German race can do nothing but bluster, and they seem to regard bluster as achievement. They destroyed the slipways of two of the new submersibles, with little damage to the vessels themselves. They have destroyed an office, and the working-plans therein. We have many others, and your originals are safely disposed. It is nothing. It is scarcely worth discussing."

The old man shook his head, that wonderful head which still fascinated the Englishman. The latter noted the added intellectuality of the face since it had been clean shaven. It was a splendid face.

"No." There was an anxious light still lurking in the wide eyes of the inventor. "But it is the beginning. Only the beginning. Who knows what may happen next?"

Ruxton threw up his head. His eyes were full of a world of pain and suffering. The change had been wrought by the man's last words.

"That is it," he cried. "It is not the destruction at the yards. It is that which also they may do—which they have done. It is that which has brought me here now. I am nearly mad with anxiety and dread. I am thinking of your—daughter, sir. I can find no trace of her at her house or elsewhere. She has gone, vanished, spirited away without a word to her friends."

The Prince's face became a study in bewilderment. His luminous eyes looked to have grown bigger than ever. He opened his lips to speak. Then he closed them. Then he fumbled in his pocket.

"Since when has she——"

But he was not permitted to complete the question.

"Since the day of your arrival here," Ruxton cried. "I wired her a message. As it remained unanswered."

"Tell me of it." The puzzled expression remained, but there was more confidence in the Prince's manner. He was grasping the folded letter in his hand. He had already gathered its contents, and the promise of those demanded.

Ruxton briefly told him of the search he had embarked on. He told of the services of Scotland Yard he had employed. Finally he told of the negative result of all their efforts. Then he broke out in the passionate pain of the strong soul within him. He told this father the simple story of his love. It was simple, and big and strong. And the Prince, in the simplicity of his own nature, understood and approved.

"I know. I have understood it. I have guessed; what you will. I know, and it gives me happiness." He sighed nevertheless. It seemed to Ruxton as though his sigh were a denial. The grey head was inclined. His eyes were bent upon the letter in his hand. He seemed to be considering deeply. Suddenly he raised a pair of troubled eyes to Ruxton's.

"But she is at home. She is at Redwithy. Our enemies have not laid hands upon her. She is not without her fears, but she is safe and unmolested in her home. I had the letter from her only this morning. It came through your father. It must have been written last night. So she was at Redwithy last night. See, here is the heading. It is her writing. I would know it in a thousand. There is a mistake. It must be a mistake."

Ruxton had no answer for him. That which he saw and heard now was incredible. He half reached out to take the letter, but he drew back. He was burning to read and examine that letter, but the Prince gave no sign of yielding it up, and he knew, in spite of all his anxiety, he had no right to claim such a privilege.

Perhaps Von Hertzwohl understood something of that which was passing in the younger man's mind. Perhaps the appeal to his sympathy was more than he could resist. He opened the letter. Then he folded it afresh so that the heading and the signature were alone visible. He held it out.

"Look. You know her writing. There it is—and her signature."

Ruxton leant forward eagerly. He examined the writing closely. Amazement grew in his eyes.

"Yes," he said as he sat back in his chair. "It is hers—undoubtedly."

And he realised by the manner in which the father had displayed these things to him that it was his way of assuring him that he was not to be permitted to know the contents of the letter.

In consequence a silence fell between them. And each knew it was a silence of restraint. Ruxton was endeavouring to discover a possible reason for the Prince's attitude, and he felt that his reticence must be attributable to Vita's wish. If it were her wish there must be some vital reason. What reason could there be unless—— Was she avoiding him purposely? Was her absence from Redwithy her own doing? Was it that now, her work completed, she wished to—— A sweat broke out upon his broad forehead, and he stirred uneasily.

Then in the midst of his trouble the other spoke, and his words helped to corroborate all his worst apprehensions. The old man's words were gently spoken. They were full of a deep and sincere regret. But they were equally full of an irrevocable decision.

"Mr Farlow," he said in his quaintly formal manner, "I must leave here. I must leave England. There is danger—great danger in my remaining. Oh, not for me," he went on in response to a question in the other's eyes.

"I do not care that for danger to my life." He flicked his fingers in the air. "Danger? It is the breath of life. No it is not that. I am thinking of my friends. I am thinking of the project which is so dear to my heart—to my daughter's heart as well as mine. My presence here can only add jeopardy to others. I can serve no purpose. I have your promise that the work will go on to its finish. It is all I can ask. And in that my services are not needed. I shall leave for some part of America. That is all."

Ruxton's thoughtful eyes were searching. He was exercising great restraint.

"Will you be safer in any other part of the world?"

The other hesitated. The awkwardness of his excuses troubled him. He finally shrugged.

"It is not for myself. This place is alive with spies searching for me. I know it—far more than the shipyards—am I the net that draws them here. It is not good for the work. It is not good for—for your father. Who knows——?"

"How do you know they have traced you here?"

The Prince's thin cheeks flushed.

"I know it," he said, and the memory of his assertion warned Ruxton that it was useless to proceed further in the matter.

He knew beyond a doubt that some influence was at work, the secret of which he was not to be admitted to. He knew beyond question that that secret had been communicated to her father in Vita's letter. He knew that it was something of the pressing which she desired kept from him. What was it? For him there was no explanation. For some incomprehensible reason he meant to abandon him. What was it incomprehensible? Was it? A woman—a beautiful, beautiful woman? There were other men, doubtless, many of men, who might possess greater attractions for her than he could ever hope to possess. And yet—no, he could and would not believe it.

You will find another instalment of this story next week. Do not miss it.

Our portrait is of Miss Nellie Thornton, of 79, Brighton Street, Salford, Manchester, whose mother writes:—

"I am sending a photo of my little girl Nellie, who is now completely cured of Eczema by your 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' Her sufferings were unbearable, and she often wished herself dead. She was without healthy skin from head to foot, and could not hardly bear to stand, sit, or lie down. I took her to a skin hospital, and I kept her under their treatment for five months. They gave me ointments for her, but they did her no good. I then bought some 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' for her, and am now very thankful, for her life is due to the wonderful cure it made of her."

Clarke's Blood Mixture, by reason of its remarkable blood purifying properties, can be relied upon to give speedy relief and lasting benefit in all cases of Eczema, Scrofula, Scurvy, Bad Legs, Abscesses, Ulcers, Boils, Pimples, Sores and Eruptions, Piles, Glandular Swellings, Rheumatism, Gout, &c. Over 50 years' success. Pleasant to take, and free from anything injurious.

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SCOTTISH PERSONALITIES IN THE PUBLIC EYE

By Our Special Commissioner.

Lady Newlands.

Lafayette.

Lady Newlands, whose husband is to receive the freedom of Glasgow on the last day of this month, is a member of the great Cecil family. It is rather interesting to recall that it was when Lord Newlands as a young man was private secretary to the late Marquis of Salisbury that he met Lady Mary Cecil. Lady Mary was the daughter of the third Marquis of Exeter, the head of the elder branch of the Cecil house. Her Ladyship is a charming hostess, and admirably supports her husband in his many and varied public duties, sharing with him in a marked degree his kindly characteristics.

Lord Breadalbane as Fish Expert.

Lord Breadalbane, K.G., P.C., has been entrusted with the chairmanship of an important committee appointed by the Secretary for Scotland to consider as to how best to add to the existing supply of freshwater fish from the lochs and rivers in Scotland. He has been a member of the Scottish Fishery Board for some time, and will have as his colleagues Mr W. L. Calderwood, F.R.S.E., of that Board, and Mr Duncan Millar, K.C., M.P.

The Duke of Argyll as an Aviator.

The Duke of Argyll has taken to flying. He has not given up his commission in a Scottish regiment, but is merely taking a keen interest in aerial matters to the extent of learning the art of flight. It is strange how many well-known people are following his example. After the war there is likely to be nearly as big a craze for flying as there was for motoring in the early days of the automobile.

Motherwell M.C. Hero Wounded.

One of Motherwell's Military Cross heroes, Lieutenant J. F. Macmillan, of the East Surrey Regiment, is wounded and missing, and probably a prisoner in Germany. The young officer came all the way from New York to join the colours. A naval architect by profession, Lieutenant Macmillan was formerly on the staff of Messrs Denny at Dumbarton. He has been on active service with his regiment for about a year

Mentioned in Despatches.

Brigadier-General J. G. H. Hamilton, D.S.O., who has again been mentioned in despatches for distinguished and gallant services, has had a seventeen years' noteworthy career as a soldier. He is the proprietor of the estate of Skene, Aberdeenshire, and a cousin of General Sir Ian Hamilton. It was in the South African War he won his Distinguished Service Order decoration. He has come rapidly to the front in the present war, and became Brigadier-General six months ago.

A Splendid Success.

I have just been having a chat with Mr David Aitchison who, as I mentioned in these columns before, is the president of the Glasgow Grand Opera Society—and I was very pleased to learn from him that a very tidy sum would accrue to the war funds as a result of the recent performance of "Carmen" and "The Daughter of the Regiment" at the Theatre Royal. At the moment of writing full returns of revenue and expenditure are not yet available, but that is largely due to the "bumper" houses making this arithmetical task all the more onerous for the treasurer and his assistants.

Glasgow's Y.M.C.A. Secretary.

When the Directors of the Glasgow United Y.M.C.A. extended a unanimous invitation to Mr And. Bell to become their general secretary they placed the corner stone in the building of a forward movement. That was about 14 years ago, and since he undertook the post the Association has gone steadily forward. A Leith man, Mr Bell has been about the base of the red triangle all his life. For seven and a half years he was the travelling secretary for Scotland, his district extending from the wind-swept Shetland Islands in the north to Berwick-on-Tweed in the south. His coming to Glasgow heralded the development of the holiday camp, a sphere in which the secretary made many friends.

A Hut of Bulrushes.

When we entered upon war Mr Bell recognised a great opportunity for the Association, and work among soldiers was organised immediately on the Coast and in Glasgow. Early in 1915 he received an invitation from the British Executive to go to Egypt, and for several months he conducted a hut made of bulrushes right in the heart of the desert. This proved the social centre for ten thousand Australian soldiers. On his return to Glasgow he organised several hostels for soldiers and sailors, a movement which culminated in the purchase of the Lyric Theatre buildings, a great pile right in the hub of the city, which will henceforth be the home of the Association. The cost of the building is estimated at £80,000, and a sum of about £20,000 is still required. Since the inauguration of the scheme no fewer than 84,375 men have slept in the Association hostels, while close upon 310,000 soldiers and sailors have taken advantage of the premises. After 28 years in the work Mr Bell's invincible courage has borne great fruit in Glasgow and further afield.

Sir Douglas Haig's Praise for Staff Officer.

Lieutenant-Colonel C. Ogston, D.S.O., Gordon Highlanders, who has been mentioned in Sir Douglas Haig's supplementary despatch of this week as one of the Staff Officers deserving of special recognition, is a son of Mr A. M. Ogston of Ardoe—a beautiful estate on the Kincardineshire side of the River Dee—who is so well known in connection with County Council and other public affairs of the Mearns. Lieut.-Col. Ogston possesses much of his father's administrative ability, and this undoubtedly has contributed to his success.

A Dumbarton War Worker.

Lafayette

Mrs Leslie Denny, Dumbarton, has been untiring in her work on behalf of numerous war agencies. The name of Denny has long been a household word among the Sons of the Rock. It is not otherwise to-day, for the enterprising shipbuilders have been in the van of every effort, having for its object the succour and care of the wounded and broken in battle. Recently Mrs Leslie Denny has been taking a special interest in the work of the Y.M.C.A., and a flag day arranged by her has just realised a handsome sum.

A Versatile Soldier.

I notice that a young Greenock man, Lieutenant H. L. Devlin, has secured a commission in the Royal Flying Corps. While comparatively young he joined the Territorials in his native town as a bugler, and at the age of seventeen was included in a company shooting team. He then left this country and went to British Guiana, where he was employed in the analytical branch of the sugar industry. On the outbreak of hostilities Mr Devlin was keen to join the colours, and linked up with the Argylls, with whom he did valuable work as a gymnastic instructor. The young lieutenant has some reputation as a tennis player, and is not unfamiliar with boxing.

Fife Lady Works Nine Hours a Day on Farm.

Miss Alice Thomson, daughter of Mr A. N. Thomson, manufacturer, Strathmiglo, has been doing for some time past general farm work on a farm at Strathmiglo, and receiving the ordinary rate of pay, 2s per day. She is described as being one of the best hands ever employed at the farm. She works most diligently, and has surprised her employers by the way in which she has adapted herself to her duties.

A Family of Fighters.

The news that two of Lord Ruthven's sons have been mentioned in the latest despatches from Sir Douglas Haig has given intense satisfaction in the Hamilton district, where all the Ruthven family are well known. The two officers singled out for the present distinction are Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. C. M. Hore Ruthven, D.S.O., Royal Highlanders, and Brigadier-General (temporary) the Hon. W. P. Ruthven, D.S.O., Scots Guards. Some years ago, when Lord Ruthven occupied Barnchieth House, Hamilton, the place of honour in the entrance hall was given to a bullet-riddled flag which the Hon. "Sandy" Ruthven—that was his pet name locally—wrested from the Dervishes at the big fight at Omdurman. Lord Ruthven took a natural parental pride in exhibiting that trophy of war to visitors to his beautifully-situated home on the banks of the Avon at Hamilton.

Friends of Tommy and Jack.

Mr and Mrs Jackson Russell, who were the host and hostess to a bevy of wounded soldiers at Udston House, Hamilton, the other day, have been lavish in their generosity to the disabled Tommy and Jack since the war began. They have given over their former mansion-house at Caldergrove, Blantyre, to the military hospital authorities, and besides making this sacrifice they contributed largely to the equipment of the building as a suitable institution for the treatment of wounded. Mr Jackson Russell is now the head of that enterprising firm of Scottish coalowners, Archibald Russell, Ltd., and his interest in the miners whom he employs is as keen and as practical as it is for our fighters by land and sea.

From Bradford to Edinburgh.

The Rev. Professor A. J. Grieve, D.D., Yorkshire United Independent College, Bradford, has accepted the unanimous invitation to become Principal of the Scottish Congregational Theological Hall, Edinburgh, and will begin his duties with the winter session. He has had a very distinguished career. He took the London B.A. degree at the University College, Aberystwyth, with honours in English. At Oxford he attained the rare distinction of first class in the University Honours School of Theology. For a time he acted as locum tenens in the New Testament Chair at New College, London. He was elected unanimously out of 67 candidates to the Bradford College in 1909, and he acted as Principal during the recent absence in Canada of Dr Griffiths Jones.

Honour For Edinburgh Medico.

Edinburgh University men will hail with satisfaction that the Distinguished Service Cross has been conferred upon Surgeon-Probationary J. S. Westwater, of the Swift. During the recent scrap in the Channel the accomplished surgeon displayed great skill in tending the wounded. He studied medicine at the University of Modern Athens, and is the second Edinburgh student to gain this distinction. His father, Dr Westwater, the able Manchurian missionary, is at present serving in Bellahouston Hospital.

Lochgilphead Officer Decorated.

Lafayette.

Captain James Ross, of the Border Regiment, who has just been awarded the Military Cross, is the younger son of Deputy Chief Constable Ross, of Lochgilphead. Captain Ross joined the Territorials as a bugler seven years ago, and a year before the war was promoted sergeant. Captain Ross, who received his commission shortly after the outbreak of war, has seen some severe fighting.

Paisley's Oldest Minister.

Paisley's oldest minister, the Rev. Alexander Wilson, of New Street Congregational Church, is retiring. A venerable figure, Mr Wilson held a unique place in a town which has gained a reputation for being most kindly disposed to the clergymen within its gates. Mr Wilson's successor is the Rev. James Wallace, of Stonehouse, who has already held pastorates in Beith and Glasgow.

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LEADING THEATRICAL LIGHTS IN SCOTLAND THIS WEEK.

(1) Miss **MARY ANDERSON**, who pays a flying visit to the Edinburgh Empire on June 2d; (2) Miss **FELICE LYNE** at the Glasgow Alhambra; (3) Miss **DAISY BINDLEY** in "Three Cheers" at the Glasgow Empire; (4) Miss **IRENE MAY** at the Dundee King's; (5) **FRED BARNES** at the Glasgow Coliseum; (6) Miss **ALICE BOWES**, who plays Virginia in "Grumpy" at the Glasgow King's; (7) Miss **JEAN KENNEDY** at the Cowdenbeath Empire.

COLISEUM,
GLASGOW.
6.55—TWICE NIGHTLY—9.
TWO RASCALS AND JACOBSON.
FRED BARNES.
DOROTHY BELMORE and MADELINE WILLS.
ADAM TOMLINSON.
Supported by ALL-STAR Variety Company.
Box Office, 11 to 4—6 to 9.30 p.m.
'Phones—South 250, Central 1501.

EMPIRE,
GLASGOW.
6.45—TWICE NIGHTLY—9.0
RETAINED FOR A FURTHER WEEK.
Enormous Success of Mr Harry Day's
GREAT HARRY LAUDER REVUE,
"THREE CHEERS."
BOOK NOW TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT.
MATINEE, TUESDAY, 2.30.
Box Office, 10.30 to 5.30 and 6.30 to 9.30.
Phone 3731-32 Douglas.

LA SCALA,
GLASGOW.
MON., TUES., WED., 21st, 22d, 23d May,
THEODORE ROBERTS in
"THE AMERICAN CONSUL."
Famous Players Production.
Also, FIRST-CLASS COMEDY AND SCENIC PROGRAMME.
THURS., FRI., SAT., 24th, 25th, 26th May,
H. B. IRVING in
"THE LYONS MAIL."
Two-Part "Ideal" Production.
CHARLIE CHAPLIN in "THE VAGABOND."
ALL WEEK,
Miss APRIL PENDARVIS, Contralto.

KING'S THEATRE,
DUNDEE.
TWICE NIGHTLY—7 and 9.
THE FIVE WARTONS,
World's Greatest Springboard Acrobats.
HARRY HERBERT, The Well-Known Comedian.
PAGE'S ANIMATED DOLLS,
A Miniature Revue.
LENA REGENT & CO. in a Musical Melange.
AND FULL VARIETY COMPANY.
Box Office, 11 to 4, 6.15 to 10. Phone 1930.

LA SCALA,
PHONE 384. 30 MURRAYGATE. DUNDEE.
ALL THE WEEK,
LAST TWO PARTS OFFICIAL WAR FILM,
"SONS OF OUR EMPIRE."
Including
"THE RETURN OF THE BLACK WATCH."
MONDAY, May 21st, For Three Days Only,
BLANCHE SWEET in
"PUBLIC OPINION."
THURSDAY, May 24th, For Three Days Only,
FANNIE WARD in
"EACH PEARL A TEAR"

SHAND'S PICTURE HOUSE,
SHEPHERD'S LOAN, DUNDEE.
MON., TUES., WED.,
EDMUND BREESE in
"THE SPELL OF THE TUKON."
An Exciting Metro Exclusive in 5 Acts.
THURS., FRI., SAT.,
Miss MARIE TEMPEST and EDDIE LYONS in
"MRS PLUM'S PUDDING,"
A Comedy Drama in 4 Reels.
Also "THE LAUGHING MASK." Episode 13.
Private Boxes, 5s 6d and 7s 6d.

PALACE PLAYHOUSE
DUNDEE.
CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE from 7-10.30.
THE FAMOUS B.B. PICTURES
Present OLGA PETROVA in
EXTRAVAGANCE,
A Delightful Picture.

ELECTRIC THEATRE, NETHERGATE, DUNDEE.
Showing MON., TUES., and WED.,
May 21, 22, and 23.
CONTINUOUS—2.30 to 10.30.
THE CHALICE OF COURAGE,
A Powerful Screen Version of the Novel by Rev. C. Townsend Brady, in 5 Reels.
Also "UNDINE,"
From the Famous French Novel, in 4 Reels.
Showing THUR., FRI., and SAT.,
May 24, 25, and 26.
Miss ALMA TAYLOR in
"ANNIE LAURIE."
Hepworth Picture Play in 4 Reels.
PLEASE NOTE.—The above Film, "ANNIE LAURIE" is one of the Finest British Productions ever produced. Please don't miss seeing this British Masterpiece on Thursday First.
Also "THE DEAD ALIVE."
A Story of Love, Thrill, and Mystery, told in 4 Reels.

Short Shrift.

The House of Commons Appeal Tribunal is setting an example to all appeal courts throughout the country in expressing its determination to see that men of alien birth and of military age should not be given exemption, thus filching away the businesses of British subjects who have answered the call. Mr Donald Maclean, the popular M.P. for Peebles and Selkirk, is chairman of the House of Commons Tribunal, and a naturalised German who the other day came before him appealing for exemption was given very short shrift.

Glasgow Artist Joins Up.

I have just heard that another of Glasgow's rising young artists has donned the uniform, and I take this opportunity of wishing Mr Robert Eadie every success in his military career. "Bob," as Mr Eadie is known to his many friends in West of Scotland art circles, has these past three years greatly developed in the daintiness and deftness of his brush work, and some time ago he was making a very fine series of water-colour sketches of picturesque bits of Glasgow (for despite its smokiness and grimness Saint Mungo has its picturesque nooks and corners), and these found a ready sale among art lovers. One of these drawings, for instance, was purchased by Glasgow's popular and genial Town Clerk (Sir John Lindsay). Mr Eadie has had his pictures "hung" at some of the biggest London and Paris art exhibitions, and there are few of the Continental art centres where at one time or other he has not temporarily domiciled himself.

RESULTS AT A GLANCE.

GLASGOW JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Strathclyde, ... 2 Glencairn, ... 1
Vale of Clyde, ... 1 Cambuslang Rangers, 0
Perthshire, ... 2 Benburb, ... 6

SCOTTISH JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Renfrew Juniors, ... 3 Bedlay Juniors, ... 0
Glenboig Cam., ... 0 Blantyre Victoria. .. 0

NORTH-EASTERN CUP—FINAL.

Parkhead, ... 3 Maryhill, ... 1

DUMBARTONSHIRE JUNIOR CUP—FINAL.

Clydebank Juniors, .. 2 Croy Celtic, ... 2

RENFREWSHIRE JUNIOR CONSOLATION CUP—FINAL.

St Mirren Juniors, .. 5 Neilston Victoria, .. 1

GLASGOW CHARITY CUP—FINAL.

Celtic, ... 1 Queen's Park, ... 0

LANARKSHIRE CHARITY CUP—FINAL.

Airdrieonians, ... 3 Hamilton Academicals, 1

DUMBARTONSHIRE CHARITY CUP—FINAL.

Dumbarton, ... 3 Dumbarton Harp, .. 0

RED CROSS BENEFIT.

Greenock Morton, .. 0 Clyde, ... 0

WAR FUND.

Arthurlie, ... 3 St Mirren. 1

WAR FUNDS MATCH.

Scottish League, ... 3 Army Select, ... 4

STIRLINGSHIRE JUNIOR CUP—SEMI-FINAL.

Denny Hibs, ... 6 Bannockburn. 0

YESTERDAY'S RACING AT PHŒNIX PARK.

3.0—KILBRIDE HANDICAP PLATE—One Mile.
Invermore (T. Burns), ... 1
Grey Simon (J. Dines), ... 2
Oriass (H. H. Beasley), ... 3
Also ran—Count Rhodes (M. Barrett), Celtic Park (F. Fox), Three in the Morning (V. Smythe).
Betting—5 to 4 Grey Simon, 2 to 1 Invermore, 5 to 1 Oriass, 100 to 8 others.
Won by a Lead; three lengths between second and third.

3.30—LIFFEY BANK PLATE—Five Furlongs.
Loch Dan (D. Ward), ... 1
Montauban (H. H. Beasley), ... 2
Irish Pearl (V. Smythe), ... 3
Also ran—Nalena (M. Walsh), Last Lot (C. Aylin), Terrie (M. Beary), Forty-Two (P. Lynch), Roaring Camp (J. Feane), Portmore (T. Burns), Archdeacon (J. Patman), Tonga (W. Williams), Drummin (M. Barrett), Madroe (J. Dines), Moonrozzo J. Thwaites).
Betting—Evens Loch Dan, 5 to 1 Tonga, 7 to 1 Drummin, 100 to 8 others.
Won by a short head; two lengths between second and third

4.0—LODER PLATE—Five Furlongs.
Lotus (M. Beary), ... 1
Harvest Home (W. Barrett), ... 2
Bonnie Dance (F. Hunter), ... 3
Also ran—Gold Reef (E. Haynes), Consilio (J. Clayton), Planta Genista (T. Burns), Hello Kelly (F. Fox), Mount Joy (C. Foy), Forewarned (H. H. Beasley), Vochelle (J. Linnott), Faricena (H. Hynes), La Pucelle (J. Clark), Wild Fellow (N. Marnoth).
Betting—8 to 1 Bonny Dance, 4 to 1 La Pucelle, 6 to 1 Harvest Home, Lotus, Planta Genista, 100 to 8 others
Won by a length and a half; neck between second and third

4.30—WELTER PLATE—One Mile Two Furlongs.
Jilltrim (J. Clark), ... 1
Ballywilliam (J. Thwaites), ... 2
Catch Crop (W. Barrett), ... 3
Also ran—Sharnvogue (F. Hunter), Famous Fairy (F. Cheshire), Radius (W. Beasley), Fascinator (S. Harley), Nimmy (F. Fox).
Betting—6 to 4 Catch Crop, 100 to 30 Nimmy, 100 to 12 Jilltrim, 10 to 1 Ballywilliam, 100 to 6 others.
Won by a neck; two lengths between second and third.

5.0—LOW CLASS WEIGHT FOR AGE PLATE—One Mile Two Furlongs.
Royal Day (V. Smythe), ... 1
High View (J. Thwaites), ... 2
Paddock (H. H. Beasley), ... 3
Also ran—Pye Bridge (D. Ward), Betty B. (T. Burns), Finger of Scorn (R. Bergin), Telos (J. Clayton), Knockardbane (Joe Harte), Ben Gill (J. Ledson), Manister Kitty (T. Wedgwood), Royal Prospect (C. Foy).
Betting—3 to 1 Royal Day, High View, Royal Prospect, 100 to 14 Betty B., 100 to 8 others.
Won by three-quarters of a length; two lengths between second and third.

5.30—ASHTOWN HANDICAP PLATE—Five Furlongs.
* Certosa di Pavia (W. Barrett), ... 1
* Salaam (J. Dines), ... 2
Mediator (F. Hunter), ... 3
* Dead Heat.
Also ran—Inconstant George (J. Clark), Gold Vein (T. Burns), Aquafortis (Joe Canty), Colour System (Joe Doyle, jun.), Desmond O'Connor (H. H. Beasley), Brown Label (J. Donnelly), Mona Gough (C. Foy), Spring Daisy (G. Formby), Heartless Maud (J. Ledson), The Squire (J. Burns), Golden Gander (P. Kenny), Fanchon (G. Wedgwood), Ladylike (E. Quirke).
Betting—5 to 2 Gold Vein, 6 to 1 Certosa di Pavia, 7 to 1 Mediator and Inconstant George, 8 to 1 Aquafortis and Salaam, 20 to 1 others.
Dead heat—a length. Dead heat run off.
Salaam beat Certosa di Pavia. Betting—2 to 1 against Salaam. Won by two and a half lengths.

The Dublin Mansion House meeting yesterday unanimously passed a resolution against the stoppage of racing in Ireland. Messrs Redmond and Devlin wrote sympathising with the object of the gathering.

WHIPPETING.

EDINBURGH HANDICAP.

A 190 yards dog handicap at Powderhall yesterday produced over 160 runners Finalists—Coventry's (Wemyss) Buller (32); M'Donald's (Edinburgh) Curley (36); Knox's (Bonnyrigg) Dinna Forget (37); Aitchison's (Edinburgh) Violet (38); Knight's (Smeaton) Wee Norman (39). Result:—1 (£8) Dinna Forget (after a dead heat with Wee Norman); £2 divided among the others. Betting—Evens Wee Norman, 2 to 1 against Dinna Forget, 5 to 1 Buller, 6 to 1 Violet, 10 to 1 Curley. The final was a magnificent race, the dogs reaching the tape close together, and, the judge being unable to separate Wee Norman and Dinna Forget, on running again Dinna Forget won by inches. Betting on the decider—6 to 4 on Wee Norman. Time —10½ secs.

GLASGOW HANDICAP.

A 200 yards handicap drew a big entry. Result:—1 Mr Thomson's Kick In, 2 Mr M'Kenzie's Maisie, 3 Mr Clifford's Steam Hammer. Betting—3 to 1 against Maisie, 4 to 1 Steam Hammer, 10 to 1 Kick In. Won by inches.

COATBRIDGE HANDICAP.

The usual weekly handicap took place on Coatbridge grounds yesterday afternoon. There was a large attendance, and special interest was centred in a new handicap, for which £12 was offered the winner and £1 each to the dogs in the second, third, and fourth places. The programme opened with the final rounds in the previous week's handicap. Result:—First Semi-Final—1 Wilson's Rover (36), 2 Connor's Shedds (36). Second Semi-Final—1 Connor's Joe (32), 2 Simpson's Wee Daisy (40). Final—1 Rover, 2 Joe. Betting—Evens Rover, 3 to 1 others. Twenty-one heats in a new handicap were afterwards completed. Winners:—Dean's Sun Queen (37), Key's Pat Brealin (30), Duffy's Hop In (37), Maxwell's Mischief (43), Lundie's Cowboy (30), Kelly's Basket (34), M'Cormack's Councillor (31), M'Quire's Stir About (39), M'Cabe's Sparkling Kate (39), Lawrie's Wasp (38), Donnelly's Rainbow (29), Louden's Long Span (32), Duffy's Jess (40), Leach's Highland Mary (25), M'Nab's Tibby (34), Connor's Shedds (36), Allan's Black Swan (39), M'Cracken's Black Polly (40), Gallagher's Chapelhall Lass (39), Dean's Wedding Ring (40), Boyle's Lord Annandale (35).

LOCHGELLY MEET.

The weekly handicap came off yesterday. Result:—1 Mr M'Kane's (Glencraig) Slow Coach (13); 2 Mr Simpson's (Buckhaven) Chase Me Not (13); 3 Mr Russell's (Cowdenbeath) Scotch Jimmie (13); 4 Mr Ford's (Dunfermline) Hard Lines (10). Slow Coach won by two feet. Betting—2 to 1.

THE CELTIC'S UNRIVALLED RUN IN SCOTTISH FOOTBALL.

NEW RECORD SET UP IN THE CHARITY FINAL YESTERDAY.

THE KING SPEAKS UP FOR THE FOOTBALLER-SOLDIER

When Mr W. Dickinson, the chairman of the Barrow Football Club, was presented to His Majesty, the King spoke of the good work of footballers at the front. "I like the game," said Mr Dickinson, "because it develops manliness." "Undoubtedly," answered King George. "I have the very highest opinion of the footballer-soldier." The King has watched the games of his people. He has been to the best Rugby matches, he has been a spectator of England and Scotland at the Crystal Palace, and he has sat through a final tie for the Association Cup. He knows that all our games make for good. He has seen how Rugby and Association men, and how others, have become efficient soldiers, how they have fought, bled, and died. His Majesty knows, and the commanders of all the Services have recognised, the material that our sports and pastimes, with their spice of danger, have provided.

Some may say that when the nation is at war the time is not appropriate for hobbies. They are more than hobbies; they are necessities. Why do soldiers play games behind the firing line? Why do munition workers and others pursue sports and pastimes now? Because they cannot work without bodily refreshment and recreation; because brooding over the war and what it means breeds pessimism and madness. Whether on active service, or toiling at home for the needs of the fighters and the maintenance of the country, men and women must have diversion.

CELTS GOOD WINNERS.

By winning the Glasgow Charity Cup yesterday at Hampden Park, with Queen's Park in opposition, the Celtic established not only a club record, but an unrivalled run in Scottish football. For six consecutive years the trophy has been won by the Celts—namely, 1912-13-14-15-16-17. They broke their own record of five consecutive Charity Cup wins—1892-93-94-95-96—and it is interesting to note that out of the twenty-one Charity finals in which they have played they have won fifteen and lost seven.

The crowd converged on 35,000. Celts won. They were never in danger, the Queen's failing to rise to their Cathkin standard. Celts were without Gallagher, and their rearranged front line worked in harmony. M'Menemy, backed up by M'Atee and Browning, supported M'Lean. Celts started against the wind. Thorpe cleared from M'Coll, and Morton got away, and Cowan drove past. With Shaw out of his goal to save a flag kick, M'Millan topped the bar.

Queen's predominated for a period, but the Parkhead defence stood solid. M'Menemy was out on his own, and he enabled M'Lean to flash past Thorpe, and Barry came in for a clearance.

After ten minutes Celts opened the scoring, the result of a capital piece of play. M'Atee slung across, Barry failed to clear, and M'Coll, snapping his chance, gave Ward no "earthly" for the opening count. Morton failed to make use of a good opening, and M'Coll went off when he had a near thing for a goal, which resulted in a flag kick.

Celts were counting in corners, from which nothing resulted. Queen's kept their end up, and Ford landed a shot on the top of the net. All the same, the Hampden brigade did not utilise the wind advantage, and Celts gave them points in the matter of distribution. Shaw was as clever as they make them, and he brought down a M'Dermid drive in able fashion. M'Dermid was tripped up outside the line, and the kick levelled the flag kicks at three all. Barry spoiled Neilson, and it was a close thing for the "Whites." Thorpe spoiled M'Coll when well through, and M'Lean had a double-barrelled shot which was worth more than it obtained. Celts all over held the method, and M'Menemy in attack and Cringan in defence stood out as the generals of the side. Queen's did not snap their chances. Walker failed at a picture for A. L. M. A mathematical move by Celts worked out till it came to Thorpe, who applied the closure. A drive by Morton took the wrong side of the post, and as a result of a free kick for Cringan handling Shaw held a warmer from Aitken, and at half-time Celts held the one goal lead.

Celts were all over the better lot in the second half. M'Atee had no luck with his spectacular drives, and neither had M'Lean, whose footwork was much to be admired. Queen's struck a good patch, and the welkin rang when Morton went through only to see Walker missing. Then M'Millan all but did the trick, and Morton finished by sending wide. This was really Queen's last rally, and the last fifteen saw Celts finishing as they liked. They gave Ward plenty of shots to hold, and he did his part well.

For Celts the entire defence was grand, and Cringan was the better of the intermediates. Forward there were no weaklings, and they finished a grand season as champion record Charity Cup-holders. For Queen's Ward did well, Thorpe the better back, Cowan outstanding at half, while forward, Aitken, M'Dermid, and Morton were the pick.

Celts, 1; Queen's Park, 0.

Attendance, 35,000; gate, £848 17s; stands, £154 8s (inclusive of tax).

Queen's Park—R. Ward; P. Thorpe and J. Neilson; A. Cowan, J. G. Barry, and A. Ford; W. J. Aitken, M. M'Millan, F. Walker, R. J. M'Dermid, and A. L. Morton.

Celtic—Shaw; M'Nair and Dodds; M'Stay, W. Cringan, and Brown; M'Atee, M'Menemy, M'Coll, Browning, and Adam M'Lean.

MORTON v. CLYDE.

So far as the present month has gone fully £400 has been raised at Cappielow, Greenock, on behalf of local and war charities. Despite an unfavourable afternoon, 2000 spectators witnessed the game between Morton and Clyde, the total proceeds of which go to the Red Cross funds. The home team were without Wright, Ormonde, and Gourlay, but Clyde fielded a strong eleven. The football, if not of the thrilling order, was always interesting. The defence throughout was sound, and proved superior to the attack. Morton had plenty to do in the first half to keep their lines intact, and Morrison and M'Intyre gave excellent support to Bradford.

The cross over was made without any scoring. The forwards had no better luck in the second period, during which both sides had many promising raids. Up till the close play was fairly keen, but all efforts to break through were frustrated, the result being a goalless draw.

Morton — Bradford; Morrison and M'Henny; Stevenson, M'Intyre, and Halkett; M'Nab, Miller, M'Culloch, Patterson, and Greenhorn.

Clyde—Shingleton; Farrell and Watson; Cowan, Daily, and Neave; Morris, Hamilton, Forrest, Lindsay, and Shimmons.

AIRDRIE BEAT ACCIES.

In the Lanarkshire Charity final at Fir Park both sides fielded their limit strength. The play was of the give and take nature, with the Accies, well led by Graham, slightly ahead in agressive tactics. Yarnall got few chances. Bernard's save from M'Neil pleased the crowd, as did Hamilton's interception of a pass meant for Yarnall. The first goal for Airdrie was from a penalty awarded against Robertson, from which Yarnall counted, and before the cross over Anderson increased Airdrie's lead. It was a sporting second half, level pegging being the order. Yarnall scored for Airdrie and Graham for the Douglas Parkers, and all in the better side got the verdict.

Airdrieonians—Bernard; M'Donald and Watson; Knox, Kennedy, and Comrie; Rankine, Anderson, Yarnall, Donaldson, and Paterson.

Hamilton Academicals—Hamilton; Robertson and Miller; Purdie, M'Namee, and Paterson; M'Neil, Murphy, Graham, Kyle, and Kelly.

CUP-TIE AT CLYDEBANK.

Clydebank Juniors and Croy Celtic played a drawn game in the Dumbartonshire Junior final tie at Clydeholm, Hillhouse heading an equalising goal for the Juniors in the closing minute of the game. Croy were the better team against the wind in the first half, but Clydebank were first to score, Hillhouse heading through from Kerr's cross. Croy equalised in five minutes, M'Nally cleverly back-heeling a pass from Cox beyond M'Kenna's reach. Before the interval the same player gave Croy the lead from close in.

For the most of the second moiety Croy were confined to their own half. Robertson and Anderson defended stubbornly, however, and their efforts and the rashness of the Clydebank forwards kept the score unaltered until the last minute of the game, when, following upon a corner from the right, Hillhouse headed through the equaliser for the Juniors. A draw was a fair reflex of a stubborn contest. Best for Croy were M'Nally, Anderson, Robertson, Halket, and M'Laughlin; and for the Juniors, Kerr, Ewart, Hendry, Hosie, Rennie, and G. Hislop.

Result—Clydebank Juniors, 2; Croy Celtic, 2.

A BOGHEAD SURPRISE.

The Dumbarton Charity Cup final tie between Dumbarton and Dumbarton Harp attracted fully 4000 spectators, and the total gate and stands realised a sum of about £107. Dumbarton fielded a strong eleven. Connolly, of Celtic, again led Harp's attack. Both sides played strongly from the start, and after eighteen minutes' play Reid, the ex-St Mirren player, beat M'Bride with a shot which struck the side of the post and glanced into the net. Harp were unlucky not to equalise shortly afterwards.

The resumption saw Dumbarton pressing. Thorn netted, but the point was disallowed for an infringement. Harp were awarded a penalty, but Wharrier saved Livingstone's kick. Dumbarton were also awarded a penalty, which Reid failed to convert. Stewart scored for the "Sons" ten minutes from time, and a few minutes later Caveney added a third. Dumbarton were the better side in the second half, and were best served by Wharrier, M'Grory, Reid, Travers, Thorn, and Ritchie. M'Callum was the most prominent man on the Harp side, and he was well backed by Ferguson, Fulton, Dempster, and M'Bride.

Final result:—Dumbarton, 3; Dumbarton Harp, 0.

The Cup was presented to the winners by Sir Archibald Campbell, Bart., of Succoth.

Dumbarton — Wharrier; M'Grory and Semple; Travers, Raeside, and Reid; Ritchie, Stewart, Cairney, M'Kim, and Thom.

Dumbarton Harp—M'Bride; Livingstone and Dempster; Meldrum, M'Callum, and Pender; Fulton, Duffy, Connolly, Brodie, and Ferguson.

LEAGUE v. ARMY.

This charity match was played at Tynecastle. Splendid teams turned out, and the display was worthy of a bigger crowd. The Army side gave early indications of their superiority, Denyer, Scott Duncan, and Mercer delighting the crowd. Denyer got home with a fine drive, Mercer giving the centre the chance. The same player scored again three minutes later with a lovely drive.

Simpson was one of the most consistent of the League side, and his crosses were always dangerous, but were not fully taken advantage of. It came from Simpson to lead up to the getting of the opening League goal, M'Phail heading a fine cross from him past Brownlie. The Army bettered their position after the interval with a well-taken goal by Croot. This was further augmented by another fine goal by Hilsdon. After this the Army men eased off, and M'Phail found the net twice. All the Army side played well, with Mercer, Henderson, Denyer, and Duncan most prominent. On the League side Culley, Simpson, and M'Phail were the outstanding forwards, with Wright and Blair doing well behind.

Army, 4; League Eleven, 3.

The gate, exclusive of tax, £105.

League Team—Blair (Kilmarnock); Kiernan (Hearts) and Ormonde (Morton); Kerr (Hibernian), Wright (Morton), and Nellies (Hearts); Simpson (Falkirk), Bowie (Rangers), Culley (Kilmarnock), Rutherford, and M'Phail (Kilmarnock).

The Army—Brownlie (Third Lanark); Lavery (Raith Rovers) and Henderson (Falkirk); Mercer (Hearts), Paterson (Hibernian), and Gordon (Rangers); Scott Duncan (Rangers), Muirhead (Hibernian), Denyer (Hearts), Hilsdon (Hearts), and Croot (Rangers).

DUNDEE FIVE-A-SIDE.

Dens Park was yesterday afternoon occupied in the playing off of the preliminary rounds in the five-a-side football tournament in connection with the athletic carnival promoted by Dundee F.C. in aid of war charities. Fourteen teams participated, and were representative of various foundries and works in the city. The first and second rounds of the competition resulted in the following draw for the semi-final, which will be played at Dens Park next week:—Caledon A v. Caledon B, the winner to meet Ward Foundry in the final, the last-named team having secured a bye. Tom M'Culloch, the popular Dundee half-back, was the winner of the dribbling race, and was presented with a gold badge.

THE TRACK.

SOMETHING THRILLING FOR CELTIC PARK.

Something thrilling is promised for the Royal Red Cross Sports at Parkhead on 7th July. A prominent loop-the-loop expert is a sure starter. How's this for enterprise?

The question of the champion all-round athlete of Glasgow is likely to be included in the Clydebank F.C. sports programme on Saturday, 16th June. Several Clyde shipyards fancy they have the goods, but keep your eye on my fancy—and he does not work in any yard.

Jack Donaldson, the "Blue Streak," and Reggie Walker are to meet in London next month. What a pity the champion, Billy Applegarth, could not be included. Billy is doing his bit in the Balkans, and picked up a 100 scratch the other day.

Things are humming down Dumbarton way for a big meet at Boghead on Saturday week, where the ground club run a joint meeting with Bellahouston Harriers. Dumbarton's five are the stable tip for the five-a-side prizes, but the popular fancy is a Glasgow five from somewhere in the East.

A former Scottish running champion and ex-president of the S.A.A.A., Lieut. Tom Jack, Royal Scots, has been wounded. Lieut. Jack won the four miles championship of Scotland seven times between 1904 and 1912, and the ten miles championship twice. He was cross-country champion of Scotland in 1907, 1908, and 1912, and won the four miles race against Ireland in 1907. He was a Territorial, being mobilised at the beginning of the war, and has seen a lot of active service.

INTER-SCHOOL MEET.

The eighteenth inter-scholastic sports, under the auspices of the Scottish Amateur Athletic Association, were held at Edinburgh yesterday. Thirteen schools took part, and the programme included eight open events, the results of which are as follows:—Throwing the cricket ball—1 J. R. Bell, Dumbarton Academy (85 yds. 9 in.); 2 A. Rankin (79 yds. 6 in.).

100 Yards Race—J. R. Bell, Dumbarton Academy (won by three yards. Time—11 secs.); 2 D. M'Phee, Allan Glen's School (12 secs.).

Putting the Weight—1 A. C. Gillies, Watson's College (30 ft. 4 in.); 2 D. M'Phee (28 ft. 11¼ in.).

High Jump—1 J. D. Watson, Watson's College; 2 G. M. King, Heriot's School (height, 4 ft. 10½ in.).

Broad Jump—1 Bell, 18 ft. 5½ in.; 2 C. A. Henshaw, Watson's College, 18 ft. 5 in.

120 Yards Hurdle Race—1 D. M'Phee, 2 C. A. Henshaw (19 2-5 secs.).

Quarter Mile—1 E. W. Cormack, Watson's; 2 J. R. Bell (58 1-5 secs.).

High Jump—1 D. M'Phee, 2 M. Paterson, Allan Glen's (5 ft. 2¾ in.).

One Mile—1 E. W. Cormack, 2 W. A. Watson, Royal High School (5 min. 2 1-5 secs.).

THE RING.

WORLD'S HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.

Jess Willard has been approached with a view to a match with Carl Morris for the world's heavy-weight championship, but big Jess says that while he has not the slightest intention to draw the line against any legitimate contender for his title, he does not consider Carl Morris to be in that category, and therefore puts the bar up against the Kentucky giant.

Jess, in fact, declares that Morris cannot box, and depends entirely on his strength and rough and rude tactics. Morris, it may be remembered, brought these natural gifts to bear against Fred Fulton a little while ago, and although Fulton lost the bout on a foul it was declared by some outspoken critics that Morris began the all-in game with the deliberate intention of getting his opponent "rattled," and that he was the one who ought to have been disqualified long before the bout ended when it did. Willard apparently does not think he is big enough to take care of himself against this bad man Morris—who is a mixture of Irish and Cherokee-Indian blood—and therefore gives him the frozen face!

FAMOUS SCOTTISH BOXERS AT LONDON.

The special feature at the Holborn Stadium, London, on Monday afternoon will be a fifteen rounds contest between Lewis Williams, of Penygraig, and Sid Shields, of Glasgow. The pair have met once before in London, but an unfortunate incident ended a sensational struggle, and the return contest should be full of excitement.

Another little Scot, Tancy Lee, famous as the only conqueror of Jimmy Wilde, will fill the role of chief entertainer on the following Monday afternoon, when he is to meet Louis Ruddick in a fifteen three-minute rounds contest, while in the evening a famous Welsh boxer in Sergeant Johnny Basham, the welter-weight champion of England, will meet Driver Sid Burns over fifteen rounds.

Sid Brown, of the Australians, seeing that Marney has not come along to make their proposed match, can now be matched to box Lance-Corporal Pat O'Keeffe fifteen rounds for £25 a side and the best purse.

QUOITING.

St Andrew's and Royal Albert met in Glasgow in the second round of the Scottish Cup Competition, this being the only tie of the round. Details:—

ST ANDREW'S.		ROYAL ALBERT.	
R. Laidlaw and John Dalrymple,	21	J. Spiers and A. Bruce,	25
J. Bell and A. Bulloch,	25	R. W. Brinkle and A. Wilson,	17
A. Skeoch and Joe Dalrymple,	25	W. Parr and D. Nimmo,	17
J. Walker and P. M'Call,	25	T. Spiers and J. Miller,	23
Total,	96	Total,	82

The Gateside Club made a start with the Maills Cup Competition. P. Carmichan, who is at present the holder, got over the first hurdle after a hard game with D. M'Kinnon. There were several interesting and closely-contested bouts, and play all over was of quite a good standard. The first round finished as follows:—A. M'Creadie, 25; J. M'Culloch, 24. R. M'Carbey, 25; A. Harvey, 23. P. Carmichan, 25; D. M'Kinnon, 24. A. Currie, 25; T. Lindsay, 21. J. Thorpe, 25; F. M'Donald, 24. F. M'Creadie jun., 25; W. Craig, 24. J. M'Creadie, 25; W. Morrison, 23. W. Johnston, 25; J. Leckie, 23. P. Andrew, 25; J. Gillespie, 24. F. M'Creadie, sen., 25; H. Muir, 23.

PEDS. AT POWDERHALL

A seventy-five yards and three-mile handicap were run at Powderhall yesterday. Result of sprint—(£5) J. S. Mather, Edinburgh (5); (15s) P. Waddell, Eskbank (7½); (5s) J. M'Kenna, Uphall (8). Betting—5 to 2 on Mather, 3 to 1 against Waddell, 4 to 1 M'Kenna, 10 to 1 M. Collins, Musselburgh (16). Won by inches. Time—8 2-5 secs.

Three-Mile Handicap—(£5) Sergeant Grierson, Hawick (55); (15s) W. W. Howard, Cowdenbeath (680); (5s) J. Henry, Dailly (680). Betting—5 to 4 against M'Cree, 3 to 1 each against Thompson, Musselburgh (430) and Howard, 4 to 1 Henry, 10 to 1 Grierson. Won by 20 yards; a yard between second and third. Thirty ran. Time—14 min 28 secs.

BILLIARDS.

STEVENSON,	...	...	12,000
REECE,	...	...	11,705

"THE PROVIDENTIAL DISCOVERY THAT HAS NEVER FAILED."

Through incessant recommendations of those cured, the demand is so overwhelming that every Chemist is rapidly exhausted. You can send Postal Order for 3s or 6s to 638 Camberwell Grove, London, S.E.5, and bottle will be sent by return of post.

LUNG TROUBLE & CONSUMPTION,
BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH,
Whooping Cough, Children's Cough.

"THE DISEASES THAT BAFFLE THE DOCTORS."

The Marvellous Specific "Liq-u-fruta" that never fails—
—CHRONIC ASTHMA OF EVEN 20 YEARS' STANDING
—TERRIBLE RACKING BRONCHITIS
—LUNG TROUBLE WHEN SANATORIA AND MEDICAL TREATMENT HAD FAILED
—BLOOD SPITTING
—BRONCHIAL CATARRH
—PNEUMONIA
—LARYNGITIS
—NIGHT SWEATS
—INFLUENZA
—DIFFICULT BREATHING
—QUINSY —CROUP
—NASAL CATARRH
—RACKING COUGH
—CHOKING PHLEGM
—EMPHYSEMA

OVER 1,000,000 PRAISE "LIQ-U-FRUTA."

It will remove any case of Asthma or Bronchitis, it will strengthen your lungs and enable you to breathe more freely and efficiently. It will banish every germ of weakness or disease from your throat, nose, and respiratory organs. It arrests even the deadly ravages of tuberculosis, and has banished every trace of Consumption from the lungs of thousands. Instant relief is experienced.

As supplied to the Household of H.M. the King at Windsor Castle.

"IT SAVED MY ONLY SON'S LIFE."

My only son lay at the point of death, suffering from several of the above diseases—the most skilled physicians had done their utmost, but unavailingly, for at last my doctor told me nothing more could be done, and that I must be prepared for the end.

Then it was that I discovered "LIQ-U-FRUTA," and cured my only son. "LIQ-U-FRUTA" miraculously saved his life, and since that date the lives of thousands of others.

(Signed) W. HOME-NEWCOMBE.

Mr. G. Ward, Brentwood, Essex, who is a Male Nurse in charge of the Hospital Ward, writes as follows:—"The Patient, whose cough and breathing were very bad indeed, and who suffered from night sweats and lung trouble, had already paid 25s for a month's treatment of a so-called remedy, but I must say not half the relief was obtained from the whole of that treatment as the first dose of 'Liqufruta' gave. The results were most wonderful, and I only wish for the sake of others that I had known the remedial properties contained in 'Liqufruta' some three years ago, for I had twelve cases of Consumption under my charge, to whom the doctors could render no visible relief, and to whom 'Liqufruta' would have been more than a mercy."

Just what happened to this Patient, who suffered from Consumption, can happen to you—will happen to you—for there never has been a failure yet.

A COUGH AND "LIQ-U-FRUTA" CANNOT EXIST TOGETHER.

"Liq-u-fruta" is gladly supplied by all the 582 Branches of Boots' Cash Chemists, Glasgow Apothecaries, Cockburn & Co., and all Chemists and Stores, 1/3, 3/-, and 5/-, or direct and Post Free from Mr. W. Home-Newcombe, 638 Camberwell Grove, London, S.E.5, for remittance in stamps or postal orders. For 2d in stamps my book "Worth its Weight in Gold," published at 1/- will be sent Post Free.

Liqufruta
CURES EVERYTHING WITH A COUGH IN IT.

Think of Your Country Cousin

IN country places, where women live healthy, outdoor lives, wear loose clothing, and take almost an equal part with men, they are pictures of health.

Simple living ensures sound kidneys, perfect blood filtering, and no uric acid trouble.

Uric acid in the blood causes backache, rheumatic and nervous troubles, headache, dizziness, "blues," urinary disorders and danger of gravel, dropsy, and Bright's disease.

When you have cause to suspect your kidneys, use Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. They have helped thousands of women. And to get better and keep better, make it a point to get away from housework every day for a brisk walk. Drink more water, eat simpler food, and sleep more. Better health will make you a better daughter, wife, or mother.

The good Doan's Pills have done in Glasgow is proved again and again by messages of gratitude such as the one given here.

Glasgow Message.

On June 26th, 1914, Mrs J. Kane, of 69 Ure Street, Govan, Glasgow, said:—"I have been a sufferer from rheumatism for years. At one time I was unable to do any housework for several months. The joints of my hands, knees, and ankles were badly swollen and stiff. My hands became quite deformed. There were awful pains in my back, and the water was out of order.

"I spent pounds on different remedies, but got no permanent relief until I commenced with Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. I was astonished at the effectiveness of the first box, and after giving the pills a thorough trial the rheumatism disappeared, the water was clear and natural, and I was enjoying excellent health. This is now four years ago, and I have never had any serious return of the complaint.

(Signed) "J. KANE."

On July 26th, 1916—*over two years later*—Mrs Kane said:—"My cure has been a permanent one, and I am keeping perfectly free from the rheumatism."

Send for Free Book on "Moderation, Cheerfulness, and Other Long Life Laws."

Be sure you ask for DOAN'S and get DOAN'S—the Pills Mrs. KANE had.

All dealers, or 2/9 a box from Foster-McClellan Co., 8, Wells St., Oxford St., London, W.1.

DOAN'S
Backache Kidney Pills.

Ticehurst War Work Association is making pyjamas for soldiers.

The military at Eastbourne are having an average of 300 medical examinations daily.

A Staines soldier was on his way to see his brother, temporarily in a dug-out captured from the Germans, when he saw the dug-out blown up and his brother killed.

STRONG AS THE STRONGEST

HOW TO GAIN ROBUST HEALTH .·. HOW TO RETAIN PHYSICAL FORCE

A FREE BOOK TO ALL

Why bear the burden of ill-health, loss of vigour, mental depression, or the ill effects of overwork? Enjoy a healthy, happy life. It is your duty to do so. There is a method of Home Treatment which every ailing man and woman may adopt in perfect good faith and with unfailing success. It is Nature's own treatment of revitalisation through the medium of the Pulvermacher Electrological appliances on the cure-in-the-home principle.

EVIDENCE AND PROOF.

Medical science agrees that the revitalising forces of electricity scientifically applied to the weak and ailing humanity is the discovery of the marvellous modern curative science. Numerous physicians and surgeons and the Medical Academy of Medicine of Paris is fully endorse the Pulvermacher Method of Curative electric treatment. Further confirmation is found in the abundant testimony of members of the medical profession, from professional men to mechanics and artisans, have been undeniable benefits from the Pulvermacher treatment.

The appliances are convenient and comfortable—you wear them at home, or at work, and all the time a current of new life is pouring gently and soothingly through the entire system, giving vitality to tired, overwrought nerves and pulling into vigorous healthy action the relaxed muscles of strength. The blood is cleansed, and the vital organs of the body thereby purified and built up into perfect fitness.

Your interest in your own health should persuade you to investigate the Pulvermacher Treatment.. You are cordially invited to call on the Head Superintendent at Vulcan House, 56, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C., for free consultation; at the same time examine these wonderful appliances without any obligation whatever.

The Pulvermacher Appliances are the only inventions for the administration of curative electricity, endorsed by over fifty leading Doctors and by the official Academy of Medicine of Paris.

If you are a sufferer from:—

Neurasthenia
Insomnia
Constipation
Kidney Troubles
Nervous Dyspepsia
Neuralgia
Rheumatism
Circulatory Disorders

you are earnestly invited to write for this Free Book, which describes the simplicity of the Electrological Treatment, which cures naturally, inexpensively, and in the privacy of your own home.

BOOK OF HEALTH GRATIS AND POST FREE.

You should avail yourself of this opportunity to secure a copy of the "Guide to Health and Strength," a book clearly explaining, in simple language, the causes of disease. It deals with such complaints as Nervous Weakness, Debility, Digestive Troubles (Indigestion, Constipation, etc.), Nerve, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Gout, Bad Circulation, Kidney, Bladder, and Liver Disorders. It tells you why you suffer and how you may be cured. Thousands have already been cured, thousands more are taking treatment while going about their daily tasks, for the Pulvermacher treatment does not interfere with the ordinary routine of life.

POST THIS COUPON

By Posting this Free Form to-day you will receive the "Guide to Health and Strength" which has pointed the way successfully to thousands. You are under no obligation in applying for this book and particulars of the Pulvermacher Appliances.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Post to the Superintendent, Pulvermacher Electrological Institute, Ltd., 74, Vulcan House, 56, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

STOCK EXCHANGE NOTES.

THE CANADIAN RAILWAY SITUATION.

(Specially Contributed to "The Post Sunday Special.")

London, Saturday Night.

THE Russian news has given the Stock markets a series of shocks during the week, from which they are now only slowly recovering. The turn came when the American hundred million dollar loan to Russia was announced; and provided, as now appears probable, the Russian Provisional Government has the situation well in hand, the effect thereof not only upon Russian securities, but upon all other markets, cannot fail to be of a far-reaching character. Under present conditions the markets are slower to respond to good news than to unsatisfactory developments, as the latter are immediately followed by the lowering of quotations by the jobbers in order to ward off would-be sellers. It now only remains for a settlement to be reached of the various labour troubles throughout the country to accentuate the more favourable tendency, and this would, more especially, come as a relief to Home Rails

LATEST PHASE OF THE CANADIAN RAILWAY SITUATION.

Under present conditions neither the good traffics nor the bright crop prospects in Canada have helped to rescue the Canadian Railway division from the slough of despond in consequence of the nationalisation problem. In the meantime the spirit of compromise is in the air, and an interesting suggestion is that, while the Grand Trunk Pacific should be nationalised, the Canadian Pacific should operate the Canadian Northern system, on the basis of the Dominion Government being released from their various Bond guarantees in connection therewith. What chiefly interests investors in this country is the fate of the Grand Trunk itself, and all agree that this company deserves preferential treatment as the pioneer line of Canada.

RUBBER COMPANIES AND EXCESS PROFITS DUTY.

The various Directors' reports of Rubber companies, which have lately made their appearance, have brought into prominence again the unfair incidence of the present Excess Profits Duty. Companies like the Batu Caves, which do not come within the net, are able to substantially increase their distributions, while others are penalised to an extent which has compelled them in some cases to actually halve their dividends. There can, however, be no two points about the view that the Excess Profits Duty is being very unfairly applied in the case of Plantation Rubber companies, and that they should all be called upon to share their burden, instead of a good many escaping, and others having to bear the brunt of the tax.

OILS CHEERFUL.

A very cheerful tendency has characterised the Oil market during the week, although the bulk of the business has been confined to the leading shares, notably Shell Transports and Royal Dutch. It is interesting to recall the position of the Shell Company at the present juncture. The dividends have been rising steadily, from 15 per cent., free of tax, for the year 1907 to 35 per cent. for 1913, and the distribution has since been maintained at this level. The ordinary shares thus yield about £6 7s per cent, free of tax, which is equivalent to a yield of £8 9s 4d per cent. with income tax at 5s in the £1. The company's interests are so widespread, and the risks of the petroleum industry have been reduced to a minimum, while the speculative element is still further reduced by the operation of refineries at all the principal centres, which deal not only with their own production but also with large quantities of oil produced by independent interests. The Combine also owns an extensive fleet, so that it is to a considerable extent freed from the present shipping problems. More than usual interest attaches to the forthcoming dividend announcement of the company, not because any change is expected, but because there are hints of a share bonus accompanying the same.

KAFFIRS AND RHODESIAN IMPROVING.

The more favourable news with regard to the political position in Russia has also caused an improvement in Mining shares, and among Kaffirs, New Modderfontein on the very satisfactory results shown in the last quarterly development report have advanced to 21½. Modder Deep sympathising. Goldfields Deferred, Geduld and Randfonteins are also firmer, and if the news continues satisfactory a few purchasing orders would put this market much higher.

In Rhodesians, Chartered shares have advanced to 12s 7½d, while Tanganyika and Zambesia Exploring are also firmer, and Transvaal and Rhodesian are remarkably well held at the recent advance.

SILVER QUIET—BURMA FIRMER.

Silver has been very steady at about 38d, and is only slightly easier now at 37⅞d. Burma Corporation, which at one time eased, are now firmer again at 4¼, while Bawdwin Syndicate are quoted 1¼. Both of these shares are highly promising. In Barriers, Zinc Corporation are very strong on excellent results. Westralians are steady.

RUSSIANS RALLY AFTER A FURTHER RELAPSE.

A further sharp relapse occurred in Russian Mines on the unsettled political position in Petrograd, but, after a further decline, prices are now recovering on greatly improved reports. Russo-Asiatics, after falling to 4¼, have rallied to 4 11-16, and a strong recovery has also occurred in Irtysh Corporation, Kyshtim, Russian Mining, and Tanalyk.

"Good-bye all friends in this world. Rheumatism and shortness of breath make it impossible to work," was the last message of an elderly man who tried to drown himself at Hackney, and died three days later from the shock of the cold water.

"GET IT AT ANDERSON'S"

HAIR DYE, in Auburn, Blonde, Brown, and Black Colours. SAFE and SPEEDY Bottles, 1/3 each.

HAIR RESTORER, Renews Grey or Faded Hair to its Natural Colour Gradually. Bots., 1/3 each.

HAIR DESTROYER, to Remove Superfluous Hairs. Bots., 1/3 each.

JAMES ANDERSON'S DRUG STORES,
COMMERCIAL STREET, DUNDEE.
The Depot in Dundee for all Medicines at Wholesale Prices.

FREEMANS CUSTARD
There's nothing else quite so good.
DEVONSHIRE

RHEUMATISM-KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Rheumatism, backache, lumbago, sciatica, gout, urinary trouble, stone, gravel, dropsy, are the result of excessive uric acid. Estora Tablets, a specific based on modern medical science, are the successful treatment. 1/3 per box of 40 tablets, or 6 for 6/9, all chemists, or post free from Estora Co., 132 Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.

EVERYTHING FOR YOUR CYCLE

£5-5/-

Outer Covers (guaranteed) from 3s 9d each. Inner Tubes, from 1s 11d each. Second-Hand Cycles, from 30s. Large stock of Chains, Free Wheels, Saddles, Pedals, Inflators, Lamps, Bells, Handle Bars, Brakes. WE WILL BUY YOUR OLD CYCLE. BROWN CYCLE CO., LTD., 168 Buchanan St., GLASGOW.

DOCTOR STEDMAN'S TEETHING POWDERS
TRADE MARK

are the best remedy for Children Teething; quieting their restlessness, regulating their bowels, and improving their digestion, health, and spirits.

See the Trade Mark, a Gum Lancet, on every packet and powder. Of Chemists and Drug Stores — 1/1½ and 2/9 per packet.

125, New North Road, London, N.

OF NATIONAL IMPORTANCE
to Growers of
VEGETABLES AND FRUIT.
THE BEST PREVENTIVE for SLUGS, CATERPILLAR, and OTHER INSECT PESTS is to
SPRAY ALL PLANTS with Paterson's
CLENSEL
The Safest, Cheapest, and most effective Insecticide obtainable. Sold everywhere.
Large bottles 7½d.
Full directions on every bottle.
Sole Manufacturers—
JOHN PATERSON & CO. CLENSEL WORKS,
Henrietta Street, Glasgow, E.

At a meeting of the Food Supply Committe of Inverness Town Council, it was decided to send a strongly-worded protest to Lord Devonport, the Food Controller, regarding the fixing of the maximum price of oatmeal at a higher figure than that presently obtaining. The Committee also discussed the question of instituting a communal kitchen and the necessity for issuing sugar tickets

In accordance with the resolution arrived at on Thursday, all the licensed premises in Glasgow—or at least the great majority of them—remained open yesterday for the maximum period allowed by the Order. It may be rememebred that last Saturday quite a number of the licensed premises were closed on Saturday evening, but almost all of these remained open last night.

MARVELLOUS VICTORY OVER VARICOSE VEINS.

Wonderful New Spirastic Supports.

Elastic Stockings, Bandages, &c., Entirely Superseded.

Mr D. M. Cooper, the well-known Manufacturer of Surgical Appliances, has made a marvellous discovery which entirely revolutionises the treatment of Varicose Veins.

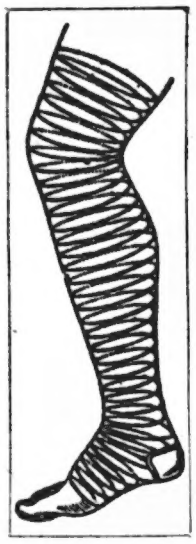
For the first time it is now possible for the sufferer from this most painful and dangerous ailment to go about in perfect comfort and at the same time to so strengthen the parts that a complete and permanent cure is ultimately assured.

As Mr Cooper, the inventor, says, "Every sufferer from Varicose Veins knows only too well the clumsy and painful nature of the ordinary elastic stocking, but few realise that there is a grave danger in wearing these appliances.

"Ordinary elastic stockings are made with harsh, coarse ribs at the back and sides, and these, constantly pressing upon the distended blood-vessels, may at any moment set up Inflammation and Ulceration, and thus cause the Varicose Veins to burst.

"Now, however, by my wonderful new 'Spirastic' method, the hard, dangerous seams of the old-fashioned elastic stockings are entirely abolished, and perfect comfort and support are given to the limbs."

The new Mecca "Spirastic" Supports are made in the finest thread or silk, and are spirally woven in one piece without seams or joins, as shown in the accompanying illustration. Fitting with the softness of a kid glove, they neither press, pinch, nor cut the limb, nor do they wrinkle or lose their elasticity.



Although specially woven to the individual measurements of each customer, they cost no more than the ordinary hard-ribbed stocking, will last at least three times as long, and, moreover, and are sent on approval.

Already "Spirastic" Supports are being worn by thousands of satisfied customers, who constantly recommend us to their friends.

Amongst the many letters of appreciation received daily the following are a few interesting extracts selected at random:—

"I Hardly Realise I Am Wearing It."

PRIVATE WM. STEWART CURRIE, c/o Mrs. Mount, Vicarage Lane, Elham, near Canterbury (Case No. 1635), writes:—"Although I have only worn your 'Spirastic' Support for less than a fortnight, my leg has already improved, and does not tire me now on a long march. Your Support fits well, and is quite comfortable; in fact, I hardly realise that I am wearing anything at all. Certainly use my name as being perfectly satisfied with your 'Spirastic' Support. I shall be pleased to recommend 'Spirastic.'"

"I Have Never Worn Anything So Comfortable."

MRS. PEYE,—The Rosery, Hardingstone (Case No. 3020) writes:—"The 'Spirastic' Stocking is a very great help and support. I have never worn anything so comfortable. It is many years since I have walked with such ease; as a matter of fact, I should not know I had anything more than my ordinary stocking on. I have also lost the heavy feeling in my leg. This is a great boon, as, since the war began, I have undertaken work which necessitates my walking nearly four miles every day."

"The 'Spirastic' Support Has Saved Me An Operation."

MRS. CATHERINE M. SMITH, Royal Victoria Hotel, St. Leonard's-on-Sea (Case No. 6398), writes:—"It gives me great pleasure to state I have found your 'Spirastic' Stocking in every way satisfactory. It is wonderful the support and ease it gives. I first noticed my varicose vein about ten years ago. Several Doctors advised me to have it out, as it was a bad one, but, thanks to your 'Spirastic' Stocking, I have done away with an operation. I find the relief marvellous."

"My Doctor Recommended Me To Try 'Spirastic.'"

MISS JESSIE FULKER, Birch Hanger, Kingsley Green, Haslemere, Surrey (Case No. 9103), writes:—"I had been laid up for fifteen weeks when my Doctor recommended me to try 'Spirastic' Supports. Previously I had had unsuccessful operations. I am pleased to say that the 'Spirastic' Stocking has proved satisfactory, and you are at perfect liberty to mention my name to all who suffer as I did from this painful and distressing trouble."

"My Doctor Says 'Spirastics' Are A Big Improvement."

MR. W. COULL, 78, Prince Albert Street, Glasgow (Case No. 6395), writes:—"Both my wife and I have worn your 'Spirastic' Supports, and we find them to give us far more relief than the old styles with their hard seams. I have been suffering for this last ten years, and have used both elastic stockings and bandages, but they never did me the good 'Spirastic' has done. I have shown them to my Doctor here, and he says 'Spirastic' Supports are a big improvement on other appliances."

If, therefore, you suffer from Varicose Veins, Loss of Power in the Legs, Weak Knees, Swollen Ankles, Pain when walking or standing, write at once (a postcard will do) to D. M. Cooper, Ltd., Manufacturers of Surgical Appliances (Dept. 133), Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C., for free Illustrated Booklet fully describing this wonderful invention.

Mr. Cooper can be seen personally daily (except Saturday), from 11 to 1 and from 2 to 3.

CHANNEL TUNNEL MAY BE MADE AFTER THE WAR.

It is regarded in many quarters as pretty certain that the end of the war will witness the beginning of the Channel tunnel between Dover and Calais. It is a century-old problem, and there is no doubt that the war has swept away insular prejudices against the linking up of Britain and France by submarine railway. The estimated cost is £16,000,000, and the "Entente Tube" would take about seven years to complete. It would enable a London business man to travel to Paris and back in a day.

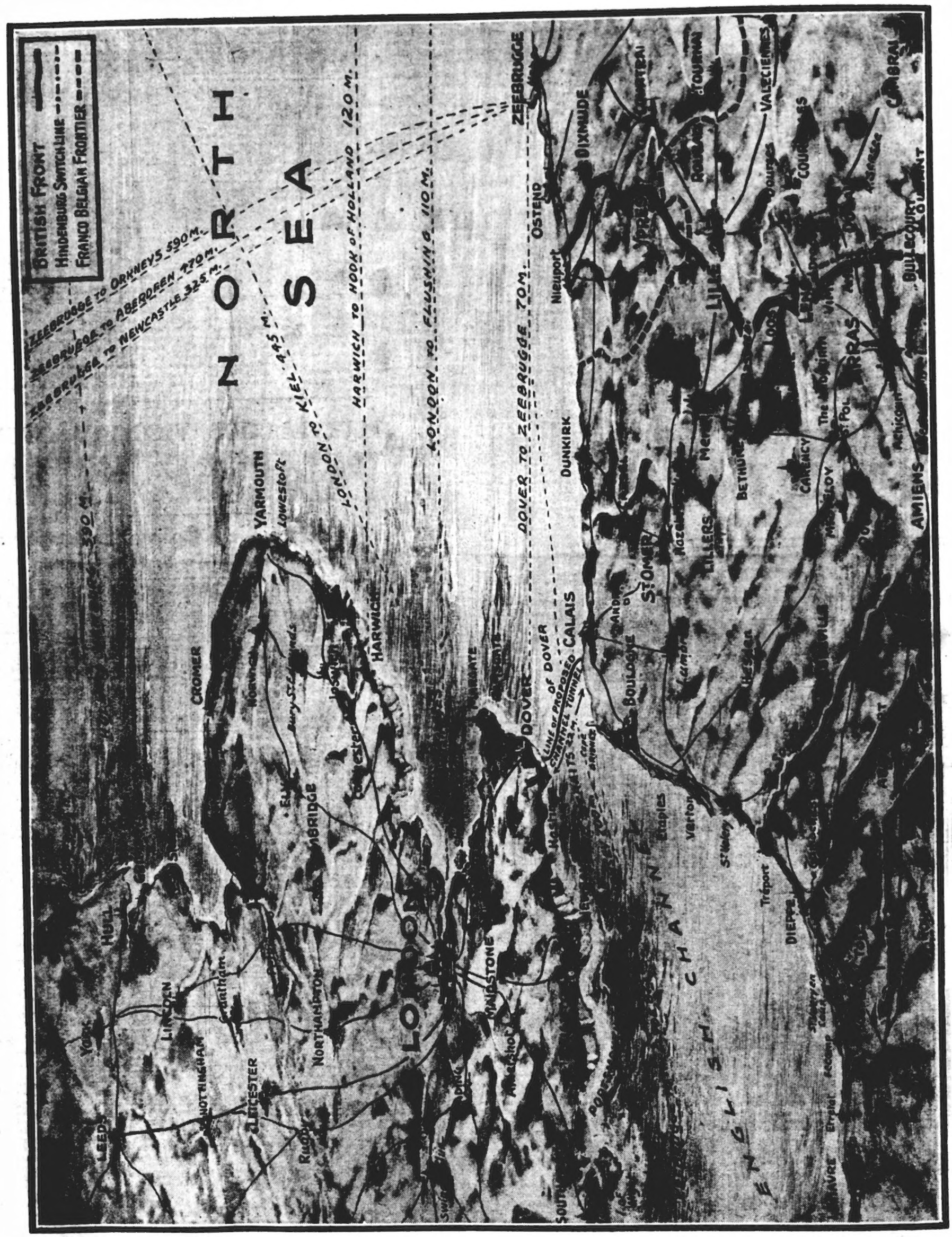
The Post Sunday Special

SUNDAY, MAY 20, 1917.

ZEEBRUGGE, THE NEST OF THE U-BOATS AND CHANNEL RAIDERS.

Before the war Zeebrugge was regarded as a new doorstep to the Continent. The port was developed so that it should be to Bruges, Ghent, Brussels, and Antwerp what the Hook of Holland is to Rotterdam and the Dutch centres of commerce. It became a new terminus to the State railways, and with its fast service of steamers acquired increasing importance. The Germans have taken a big advantage of it, and it is satisfactory to note that the Allies are giving it much attention with guns and bombs.

PANORAMIC MAP OF THE CHANNEL AND NORTHERN FRANCE.



A panoramic view of the East Coast of Britain, part of the North Sea, the English Channel, the Straits of Dover—with the line of the much-talked-of Channel Tunnel approximately indicated—a portion of the French and Belgian coasts, and Northern France, showing the region of the tremendous fighting in which the British are successfully engaged on the Arras front. The battle front from the coast to the neighbourhood of Cambrai is also shown, along with the Hindenburg switch line running from Drocourt to Queant. Zeebrugge is clearly marked, for it is from this port that the Germans initiate their spasmodic raids upon the English Coasts, and it is that port to which the Huns have scurried at express train rate with our ships behind them on numerous occasions. The map is also very interesting from the point of view of possible naval activity and the relentless and successful hunting of the U-boats.

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